Saturday Review of LITERATURE

VOL. XXXII No. 48 NOVEMBER 26, 1949 TWENTY CENTS

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Ben Lucien Burman, author of "Everywhere I Roam." (See page 13)

Notes for an Autobiography

By ALBERT EINSTEIN

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TRADE Winds

ANTHONY BUMP, the mid-town publisher, was in an exuberant mood. He sashayed into his office with hat slightly askew, whistling "Lucky Old Sun," and even said "good morning" to little Mr. Rinsahoff, who had been waiting patiently for two hours to tell him that the *Bushwick Bugle* was going to have a Christmas book page, and needed a little advertising support from the Bump enterprises.

"Well, I did it!" Mr. Bump announced triumphantly to his partners. "If there's any delicate negotiating on tap, entrust it to Diplomat Bump, that's what I always say!"

"Did what?" said his erudite partner, looking up from a manuscript in the original Icelandic. "I never heard such a to-do." Mr. Bump's partner did not like to be interrupted when he was pursuing his own line of thought, a peculiarity that made his association with Bump rather rugged on occasion.

"I talked Professor Fillikin into canceling his contract for a new 'Mother Goose,' and refunding almost the whole advance we gave him. That's what," exulted Bump. "I think it was a master stroke."

Bazar, Bump's office manager and seeing eye, had slipped unnoticed into the room, and now asked in his deceptively gentle voice, "What do you mean, '*almost* the whole advance'? As I recall, we gave him five thousand dollars on that project two years ago."

"And he's giving us thirty-five hundred back. We only lose fifteen hundred net," Bump pointed out, the edge of his enthusiasm perceptibly blunted. "Considering altered circumstances in the publishing picture, I think I drove a good bargain."

"A few more good bargains like that," sighed his partner, "and we'll *really* be busted. Well, at least it's given you *two* big thrills—one when you signed up Fillikin, and the other when you jettisoned him. I've still got the circular you dictated in the first flush of your enthusiasm for the project: 'Anthony Bump and Company invite you to share the delirious thrill of rediscovering the magic of "Mother Goose" in Professor Fillikin's exquisite rendition of the unabridged text and the magnificent typography and design one has learned to associate with the Bump Third-Floor-Front Revivals of Forgotten but Vibrant Masterpieces.' Hmphh! Your interest certainly petered out quickly."

"My researchers misinformed me," explained Bump huffily. "They told me there were only twenty-three other editions of 'Mother Goose' in print. It turned out there were twenty-*eight*. How can you 'rediscover' a classic that's already available in twenty-eight editions—all cheaper, incidentally, than our Third-Floor-Front Revivals? I must say Fillikin was very understanding about it all. It turned out anyhow that he *hates* 'Mother Goose.' He took the assignment only because his wife was plaguing him for a mink coat. It works out fine. That thirty-five hundred he returned will make our financial forecast look much healthier for December."

"You'll find a way of squandering it before then," said the partner wearily. "Now if you wouldn't mind letting me finish this manuscript, and closing the door on your way out. . . ."

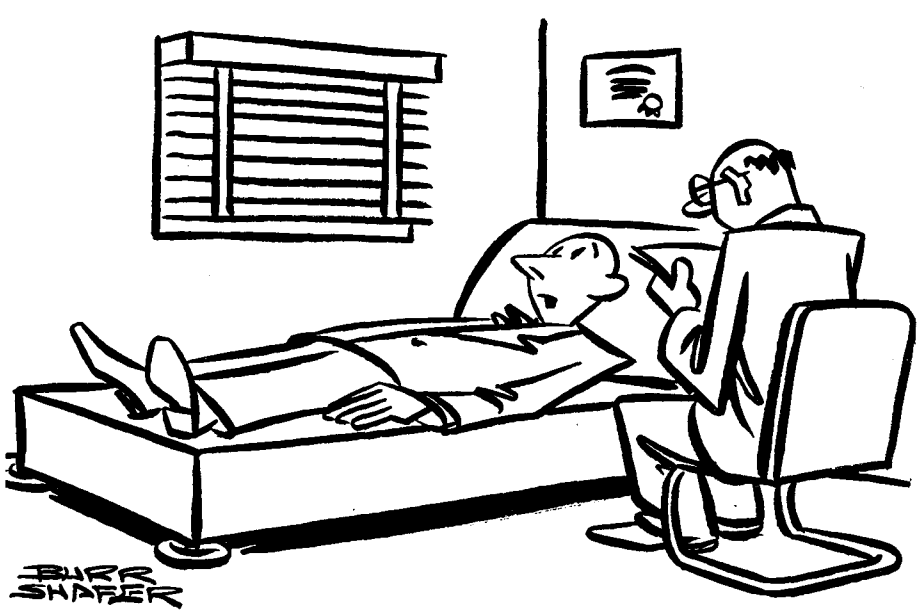
It was a deflated Anthony Bump who wandered into his own office and buzzed for his private secretary. It being an odd Tuesday, she was in. Every time Bump lost his temper with her she resigned, and to win her back he had to give her an extra day off every week to "do her ordering at the butcher's." Evidently this sylph-like creature ate more meat than Bostwick's troupe of fifty trained lions. Things had now come to the point where she worked only on odd Tuesdays.

"Look at this desk," commanded Bump, pointing dramatically to a confused heap of requests for donations, protests from dissatisfied authors, charts from *Time-Life*, complaints about wrappings from a Connecticut bookseller, and advertisements from orange, date, pheasant, and marijuana growers. "We're going to clean up this correspondence if we have to stay until four-thirty tonight."

The secretary flashed storm signals. "All right, Mr. Bump," she said, opening her dictation book, "but it might help if you'd shut off that telephone. I sit here sometimes for twenty minutes twiddling my thumbs while you talk nonsense. It also would help if you'd stop wandering around the room chewing handkerchiefs while you dictate."

"Let us dispense with personalities," suggested Mr. Bump haughtily. "I would remind you that the capitalist system still prevails, tottering though it may be, and management retains a few inconsequential prerogatives. . . . Take a letter to the Judge Wolpenheimer Memorial Fund. 'What do you mean by telling me I owe you three hundred dollars for two tickets to a Wolpenheimer banquet and benefit performance that I failed to return to you? I did not order these tickets. I threw them into the trash basket. I never heard of your blasted fund. It's a fine how-de-do when a citizen can be sandbagged into paying a ridiculous sum for totally unsolicited. . . .'"

The harsh jangle of the telephone



"I *know* I wrote the stuff, but I can't remember if I'm Shakespeare or Bacon or the Earl of Oxford."

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bell cut short Bump's diatribe (was it Moss Hart who had told him that when he grew angry his voice became so shrill only a dog could hear him?). He yanked the receiver off the hook and bellowed, "What is it?" Then his indignation vanished miraculously. "Hi, Lynn. Joe Di Maggio will be there in *person*?" he echoed incredulously. "A prevue of Bob Hope's new picture? We-e-ll, I have an awful pile of work here on my desk. . . . I suppose I ought to see the kind of material they're looking for in Hollywood these days, however. And I sure would like to shake hands with Joe. Not that I care, but my kid would get a bang out of hearing about it. . . . Shucks. I'll be over at the Paramount projection room in fifteen minutes."

Anthony Bump was half way to the door. "This junk can wait," he said airily. "If Harry Scherman calls and wants four or five of our books for his club, just tell him I'm at an important meeting. And while you're at it, you might invest in a new girdle. That one gives me the feeling the Iron Maiden of Nuremburg is working for me. *Hasta la vista*!"

That evening Anthony Bump's secretary confided to a group of friends, "My boss is crazy." She meant it. . . .

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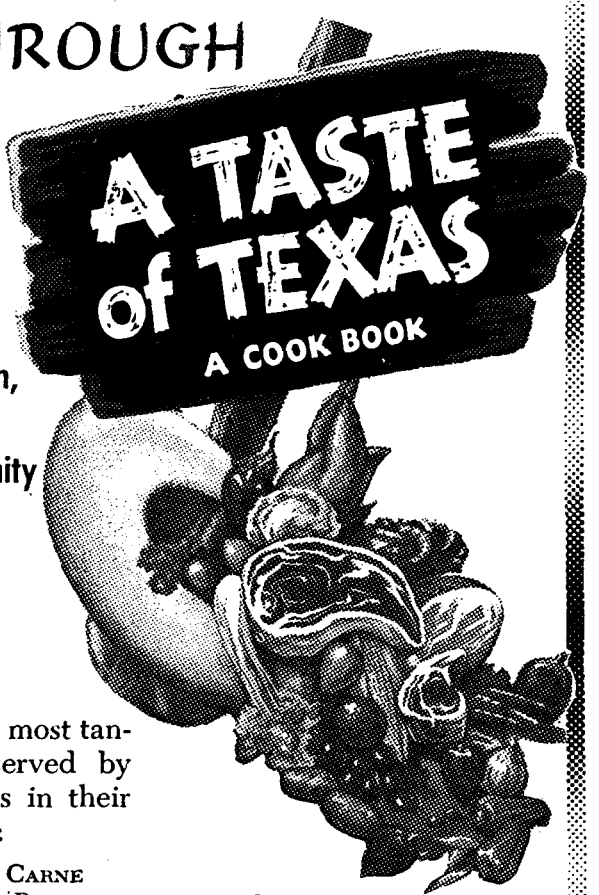

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Edited by ***Jane Trahey***

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FROM THE Golden Lion Royal Hotel, in Dolgelley, North Wales, comes the following reproachful communiqué:

> Will you inform the readers of the *SRL* that Bettws-y-Coed is *not* the title of one of your trashy American novels, but the name of a charming village in Carnavonshire, containing in its ancient church an effigy of Gruffydd ap Dafydd Goch. Indignation in re this matter is being felt by literary men in Bwlchnewydd, Plwmp, Cei Bach, Tre-'R-Ddl, and Glandyte. Kindly correct it. I am sir, yr humble servt.
> Sinclair Llewys. . . .

THE COUNTRY'S most successful magazines, despite record circulations and advertising revenues, are reporting far lower net earnings than they registered in the booming war years. Constantly increasing costs are their bugaboo, and over their heads, too, hangs the threat of an increase in second-class mailing rates. Nevertheless, there are hardy newcomers apparently eager to buck the tide. Most conspicuous, of course, is *Quick*, the Gardner Cowles weekly that is nudging 600,000 a week after only a few months of publication. Fleur Cowles, meanwhile, is readying *Flair*, a class monthly that will be full of typographic tricks and color pages. Scheduled for February unveiling, *Flair* already has the girls at *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* swallowing apprehensively. . . . Another impressive entry in the magazine sweepstakes is *Fantasy*, aimed at the growing science-fiction market, and edited by Jess McComas and Tony Boucher. A connoisseur of this type of thing (with rare exceptions, I don't go for it at all) tells me the first issue of *Fantasy* is a dilly. . . .

Speaking of *Quick*, a current gag has it that the editor wired a famous author in Hollywood, offering him five thousand dollars for a searching exposé of the entire motion-picture set-up. The writer accepted the assignment. "Fine! Go to it!" enthused the editor, "but please remember to confine your article to fifteen words."

—BENNETT CERF.

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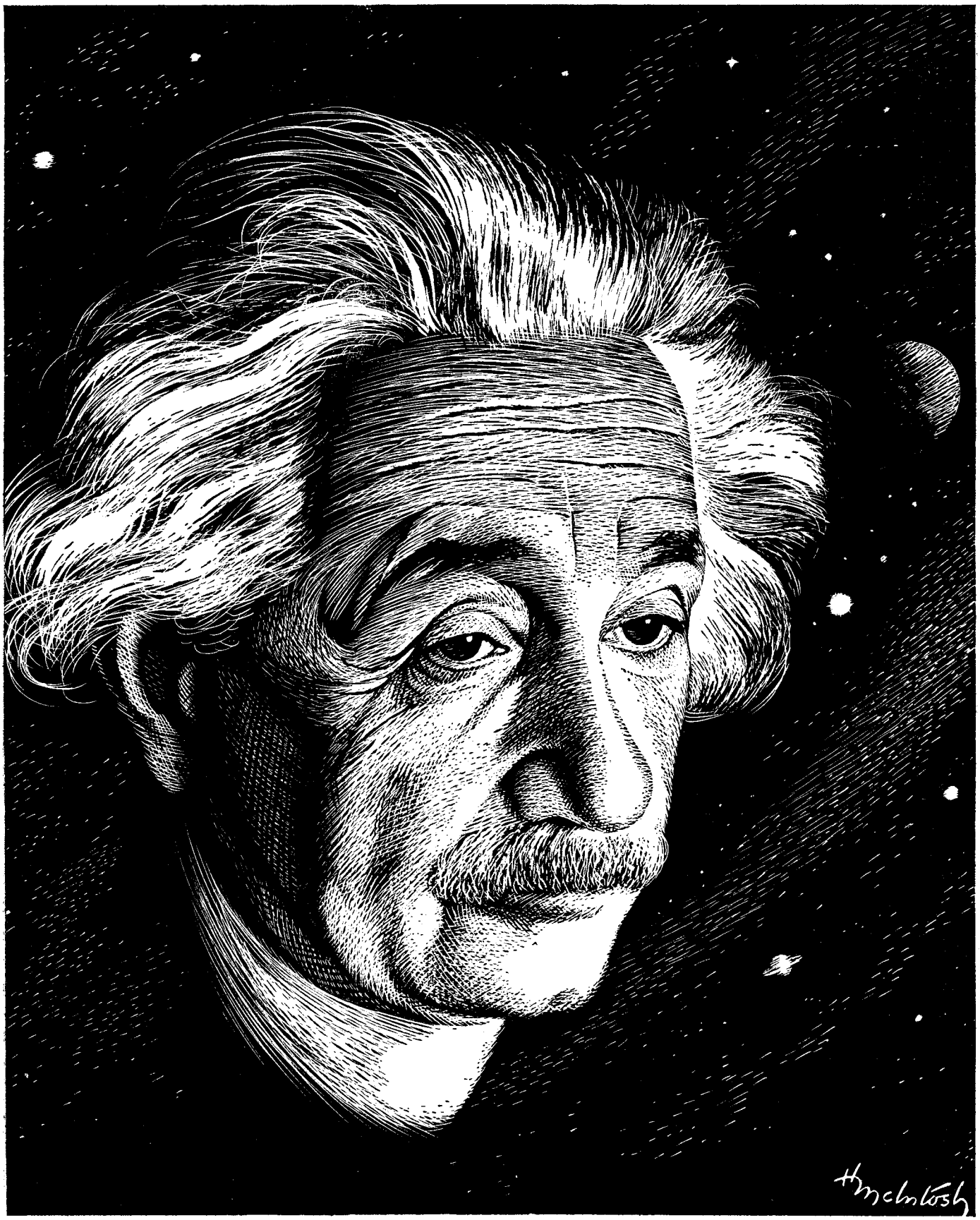

—SRL *Drawing by Hal McIntosh.*

"It is nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant . . . stands mainly in need of freedom."

ALBERT EINSTEIN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes for an Autobiography

ALBERT EINSTEIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After resisting countless efforts over many years to persuade him to write about his life, Dr. Albert Einstein has finally written a short autobiographical memoir centered around the development of his ideas. A fairly substantial portion of that memoir is published herewith. The editors are deeply grateful to Dr. Einstein and Dr. Paul Arthur Schilpp, of Northwestern University, for the privilege of running the essay in* SRL. *The memoir was written at the suggestion of Professor Schilpp, who has translated it from the German. The entire work will be published shortly by the Library of Living Philosophers, Inc., of Evanston, Ill., under the title "Albert Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist."*

Some of the material that follows is highly technical and requires advanced knowledge, but the editors believed that to withhold publication in SRL *on this account would deprive our readers of a publishing event of importance.*

HERE I sit in order to write, at the age of sixty-seven, something like my own obituary. I am doing this because I believe that it is a good thing to show those who are striving alongside us how one's own striving and searching appear to one in retrospect. After some reflection, I felt how insufficient any such attempt is bound to be. For, however brief and limited one's working life may be, and however predominant may be the ways of error, the exposition of that which is worthy of communication does nonetheless not come easy—today's person of sixty-seven is by no means the same as was the one of fifty, of thirty, or of twenty. Every reminiscence is colored by today's being what it is, and therefore by a deceptive point of view. This consideration could very well deter. Nevertheless much can be lifted out of one's own experience which is not open to another consciousness.

Even when I was a fairly precocious young man the nothingness of the hopes and strivings which chase most men restlessly through life came to my consciousness with considerable vitality. Moreover, I soon discovered the cruelty of that chase, which in those years was much more carefully covered up by hypocrisy and glittering words than is the case today. By the mere existence of his stomach everyone was condemned to participate in that chase. Moreover, it was possible to satisfy the stomach by such participation, but not man in so far as he is a thinking and feeling being. As the first way out there was religion, which is implanted into every child by way of the traditional education-machine. Thus I came—despite the fact that I was the son of entirely irreligious (Jewish) parents—to a deep religiosity, which, however, found an abrupt ending at the age of twelve. Through the reading of popular scientific books I soon reached the conviction that much in the stories of the Bible could not be true. The consequence was a positively fanatic orgy of freethinking coupled with the impression that youth is intentionally being deceived by the state through lies; it was a crushing impression. Suspicion against every kind of authority grew out of this experience, a skeptical attitude towards the convictions which were alive in any specific social environment—an attitude which has never again left me, even though later on, because of a better insight into the causal connections, it lost some of its original poignancy.

It is quite clear to me that the religious paradise of youth, which was thus lost, was a first attempt to free myself from the chains of the "merely-personal," from an existence which is dominated by wishes, hopes, and primitive feelings. Out yonder there was this huge world, which exists independently of us human beings and which stands before us like a great, eternal riddle, at least partially accessible to our inspection and thinking. The contemplation of this world beckoned like a liberation, and I soon noticed that many a man whom I had learned to esteem and to admire had found inner freedom and security in devoted occupation with it. The mental grasp of this extra-personal world within the frame of the given possibilities swam as the highest aim half consciously and half unconsciously before my mind's eye. Similarly motivated men of the present and of the past, as well as the insights which they had achieved, were the friends which could not be lost. The road to this paradise was not as comfortable and alluring as the road to the religious paradise; but it has proved itself as trustworthy, and I have never regretted having chosen it.

WHAT I have here said is true only within a certain sense, just as a drawing consisting of a few strokes can do justice to a complicated object, full of perplexing details, only in a very limited sense. If an individual enjoys well-ordered thoughts, it is quite possible that this side of his nature may grow more pronounced at the cost of other sides and thus may determine his mentality in increasing degree. In this case it is well possible that such an individual in retrospect sees a uniformly systematic development, whereas the actual experience takes place in kaleidoscopic particular situations. The manifoldness of the external situations and the narrowness of the momentary content of consciousness bring about a sort of atomizing of the life of every human being. In a man of my type the turning-point of the development lies in the fact that gradually the major interest disengages itself to a far-reaching degree from the momentary and the merely personal and turns towards the striving for a mental grasp of things.

What, precisely, is "thinking"? When, at the reception of sense-impressions, memory-pictures emerge, this is

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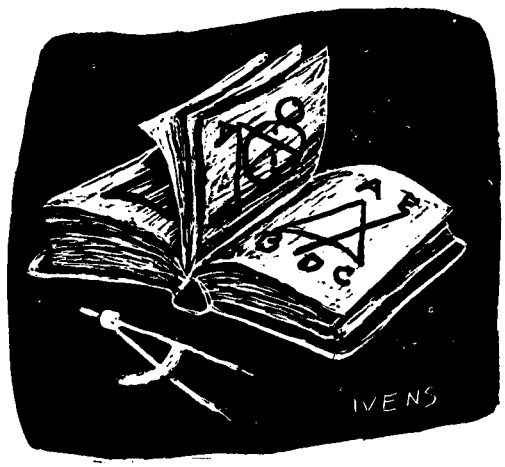
not yet "thinking." And when such pictures form series, each member of which calls forth another, this, too, is not yet "thinking." When, however, a certain picture turns up in many such series, then—precisely through such return—it becomes an ordering element for such series, in that it connects series which in themselves are unconnected. Such an element becomes an instrument, a concept. I think that the transition from free association or "dreaming" to thinking is characterized by the more or less dominating role which the "concept" plays in it. It is by no means necessary that a concept must be connected with a sensorily cognizable and reproducible sign (word); but when this is the case thinking becomes by means of that fact communicable.

With what right—the reader will ask—does this man operate so carelessly and primitively with ideas in such a problematic realm without making even the least effort to prove anything? My defense: all our thinking is of this nature of a free play with concepts; the justification for this play lies in the measure of survey over the experience of the senses which we are able to achieve with its aid. The concept of "truth" can not yet be applied to such a structure; to my thinking this concept can come in question only when a far-reaching agreement (convention) concerning the elements and rules of the game is already at hand.



For me it is not dubious that our thinking goes on for the most part without use of signs (words) and beyond that to a considerable degree unconsciously. For how, otherwise, should it happen that sometimes we "wonder" quite spontaneously about some experience? This "wondering" seems to occur when an experience comes into conflict with a world of concepts which is already sufficiently fixed in us. Whenever such a conflict is experienced hard and intensively it reacts back upon our thought world in a decisive way. The development of this thought world is in a certain sense a continuous flight from "wonder."

A wonder of such nature I experienced as a child of four or five years, when my father showed me a compass. That this needle behaved in such a determined way did not at all fit into the nature of events which could find a place in the unconscious world of concepts (effect connected with direct "touch"). I can still remember—or at least believe I can remember—that this experience made a deep and lasting impression upon me. Something deeply hidden had to be behind things. What man sees before him from infancy causes no reaction of this kind; he is not surprised over the falling of bodies, concerning wind and rain, nor concerning the differences between living and non-living matter.

At the age of twelve I experienced a second wonder of a totally different nature: in a little book dealing with Euclidian plane geometry, which came into my hands at the beginning of a school year. Here were assertions, as for example the intersection of the three altitudes of a triangle in one point, which—though by no means evident—could nevertheless be proved with such certainty that any doubt appeared to be out of the question. This lucidity and certainty made an indescribable impression upon me. That the axiom had to be accepted unproved did not disturb me. In any case it was quite sufficient for me if I could peg proofs upon propositions the validity of which did not seem to me to be dubious. For example, I remember that an uncle told me the Pythagorean theorem before the holy geometry booklet had come into my hands. After much effort I succeeded in "proving" this theorem on the basis of the similarity of triangles; in doing so it seemed to me "evident" that the relations of the sides of the right-angled triangles would have to be completely determined by one of the acute angles. Only something which did not in similar fashion seem to be "evident" appeared to me to be in need of any proof at all. Also, the objects with which geometry deals seemed to be of no different type than the objects of sensory perception, "which can be seen and touched." This primitive idea, which probably also lies at the bottom of the well-known Kantian problematic concerning the possibility of "synthetic judgments *a priori*," rests obviously upon the fact that the relation of geometrical concepts to objects of direct experience (rigid rod, finite interval, etc.) was unconsciously present.

If thus it appeared that it was possible to get certain knowledge of the objects of experience by means of pure thinking, this "wonder" rested upon an error. Nevertheless, for anyone who experiences it for the first time, it is marvelous enough that man is capable at all of reaching such a degree of certainty and purity in pure thinking as the Greeks showed us for the first time to be possible in geometry.

From the age of twelve to sixteen I familiarized myself with the elements of mathematics together with the principles of differential and integral calculus. In doing so I had the good fortune of hitting upon books which were not too particular in their logical rigor, but which made up for this by permitting the main thoughts to stand out clearly and synoptically. This occupation was, on the whole, truly fascinating; climaxes were reached whose impression could easily compete with that of elementary geometry—the basic idea of analytical geometry, the infinite series, the concepts of differential and integral. I also had the good fortune of getting to know the essential results and methods of the entire field of the natural sciences in an excellent popular exposition, which limited itself almost throughout to qualitative aspects (Bernstein's "People's Books on Natural Science," a work of five or six volumes), a work which I read with breathless attention. I had also already studied some theoretical physics when, at the age of seventeen, I entered the Polytechnic Institute of Zurich.

There I had excellent teachers (for example, Hurwitz, Minkowski), so that I really could have gotten a sound mathematical education. However, I worked most of the time in the physical laboratory, fascinated by the direct contact with experience. The balance of the time I used in the main in order to study at home the works of Kirchhoff, Helmholtz, Hertz, etc. The fact that I neglected mathematics to a certain extent had its cause not merely in my stronger interest in the natural sciences than in mathematics but also in the following strange experience. I saw that mathematics was split up into numerous specialities, each of which could easily absorb the short lifetime granted to us. Consequently I saw myself in the position of Buridan's ass, which was unable to decide upon any specific bundle of hay. This was obviously due to the fact that my intuition was not strong enough in the field of mathematics in order to differentiate clearly the fundamentally important, that which is really basic, from the rest of the more or less dispensable erudition.

Beyond this, however, my interest in the knowledge

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of nature was also unqualifiedly stronger; and it was not clear to me as a student that the approach to a more profound knowledge of the basic principles of physics is tied up with the most intricate mathematical methods. This dawned upon me only gradually after years of independent scientific work. True enough, physics also was divided into separate fields, each of which was capable of devouring a short lifetime of work without having satisfied the hunger for deeper knowledge. The mass of insufficiently connected experimental data was overwhelming here also. In this field, however, I soon learned to scent out that which was able to lead to fundamentals and to turn aside from everything else, from the multitude of things which clutter up the mind and divert it from the essential. The hitch in this was, of course, that one had to cram all this stuff into one's mind for the examinations.

—From "Albert Einstein: A Biography for Young People."

Einstein at seven—a keepsake now in his Princeton library.

This coercion had such a deterring effect (upon me) that, after I had passed the final examination, I found the consideration of any scientific problems distasteful to me for an entire year. In justice I must add, moreover, that in Switzerland we had to suffer far less under such coercion, which smothers every truly scientific impulse, than is the case in many another locality. There were altogether only two examinations; aside from these, one could just about do as one pleased. This was especially the case if one had a friend, as had I, who attended the lectures regularly and who worked over their content conscientiously. This gave one freedom in the choice of pursuits until a few months before the examination, a freedom which I enjoyed to a great extent and have gladly taken into the bargain the bad conscience connected with it as by far the lesser evil. It is, in fact, nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation, stands mainly in need of freedom; without this it goes to wrack and ruin without fail.

NOW to the field of physics as it presented itself at that time. In spite of all the fruitfulness in particular, dogmatic rigidity prevailed in matters of principles: in the beginning (if there was such a thing) God created Newton's laws of motion together with the necessary masses and forces. This is all; everything beyond this follows from the development of appropriate mathematical methods by means of deduction. What the nineteenth century achieved on the strength of this basis, especially through the application of the partial differential equations, was bound to arouse the admiration of every receptive person. Newton was probably first to reveal, in his theory of sound-transmission, the efficacy of partial differential equations. Euler had already created the foundation of hydrodynamics. But the more precise development of the mechanics of discrete masses, as the basis of all physics, was the achievement of the nineteenth century.

What made the greatest impression upon the student, however, was less the technical construction of mechanics or the solution of complicated problems than the achievements of mechanics in areas which apparently had nothing to do with mechanics: the mechanical theory of light, which conceived of light as the wave-motion of a quasi-rigid elastic ether, and above all the kinetic theory of gases: the independence of the specific heat of monatomic gases of the atomic weight, the derivation of the equation of state of a gas and its relation to the specific heat, the kinetic theory of the dissociation of gases, and above all the quantitative connection of viscosity, heat-conduction, and diffusion of gases, which also furnished the absolute magnitude of the atom.

These results supported at the same time mechanics as the foundation of physics and of the atomic hypothesis, which latter was already firmly anchored in chemistry. However, in chemistry only the ratios of the atomic masses played any role, not their absolute magnitudes, so that atomic theory could be viewed more as a visualizing symbol than as knowledge concerning the factual construction of matter. Apart from this it was also of profound interest that the statistical theory of classical mechanics was able to deduce the basic laws of thermodynamics, something which was in essence already accomplished by Boltzmann.

We must not be surprised, therefore, that, so to speak, all physicists of the last century saw in classical mechanics a firm and final foundation for all physics, yes, indeed, for all natural science, and that they never grew tired in their attempts to base Maxwell's theory of electro-magnetism, which in the meantime was slowly beginning to win out, upon mechanics as well. Even Maxwell and H. Hertz, who in retrospect appear as those who demolished the faith in mechanics as the final basis of all physical thinking, in their conscious thinking adhered throughout to mechanics as the secured basis of physics.

It was Ernst Mach, who, in his "History of Mechanics," shook this dogmatic faith; this book exercised a profound influence upon me in this regard while I was a student. I see Mach's greatness in his incorruptible skepticism and independence; in my younger years, however, Mach's epistemological position also influenced me very greatly, a position which today appears to me to be essentially untenable. For he did not place in the correct light the essentially constructive and speculative nature of thought and more especially of scientific thought; in consequence of which he condemned theory on precisely those points where its constructive-speculative character unconceala-

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bly comes to light, as, for example, in the kinetic atomic theory.

"Is this supposed to be an obituary?" the astonished reader will likely ask. I would like to reply: essentially yes. For the essential in the being of a man of my type lies precisely in *what* he thinks and *how* he thinks, not in what he does or suffers. Consequently, the obituary can limit itself in the main to the communicating of thoughts which have played a considerable role in my endeavors. A theory is the more impressive the greater the simplicity of its premises is, the more different kinds of things it relates, and the more extended is its area of applicability. Therefore the deep impression which classical thermodynamics made upon me. It is the only physical theory of universal content concerning which I am convinced that, within the framework of the applicability of its basic concepts, it will never be overthrown (for the special attention of those who are skeptics on principle).

The most fascinating subject at the time that I was a student was Maxwell's theory. What made this theory appear revolutionary was the transition from forces at a distance to fields as fundamental variables. The incorporation of optics into the theory of electromagnetism, with its relation of the speed of light to the electric and magnetic absolute system of units as well as the relation of the refraction coefficient to the dielectric constant, the qualitative relation between the reflection coefficient and the metallic conductivity of the body—it was like a revelation. Aside from the transition to field-theory, *i.e.*, the expression of the elementary laws through differential equations, Maxwell needed only one single hypothetical step—the introduction of the electrical displacement current in the vacuum and in the dielectrica and its magnetic effect, an innovation which was almost prescribed by the formal properties of the differential equations.

What rendered the insight into the essence of electromagnetic theory so much more difficult at that time was the following peculiar situation. Electric or magnetic "field intensities" and "displacements" were treated as equally elementary variables, empty space as a special instance of a dielectric body. *Matter* appeared as the bearer of the field, not *space*. By this it was implied that the carrier of the field could have velocity, and this was naturally to apply to the "vacuum" (ether) also. Hertz's electrodynamics of moving bodies rests entirely upon this fundamental attitude.

It was the great merit of H. A. Lorentz that he brought about a change here in a convincing fashion. In principle a field exists, according to him, only in empty space. Matter—considered as atoms—is the only seat of electric charges; between the material particles there is empty space, the seat of the electromagnetic field, which is created by the position and velocity of the point charges which are located on the material particles. Dielectricity, conductivity, etc., are determined exclusively by the type of mechanical tie connecting the particles, of which the bodies consist. The particle-charges create the field, which, on the other hand, exerts forces upon the charges of the particles, thus determining the motion of the latter according to Newton's law of motion. If one compares this with Newton's system, the change consists in this: action at a distance is replaced by the field, which thus also describes the radiation. Gravitation is usually not taken into account because of its relative smallness; its consideration, however, was always possible by means of the enrichment of the structure of the field, *i.e.*, expansion of Maxwell's law of the field. The physicist of the present generation regards the point of view achieved by Lorentz as the only possible one; at that time, however, it was a surprising and audacious step, without which the later development would not have been possible.

If one views this phase of the development of theory critically, one is struck by the dualism which lies in the fact that the material point in Newton's sense and the field as continuum are used as elementary concepts side by side. Kinetic energy and field-energy appear as essentially different things. This appears all the more unsatisfactory inasmuch as, according to Maxwell's theory, the magnetic field of a moving electric charge represents inertia. Why not then *total* inertia? Then only field-energy would be left, and the particle would be merely an area of special density of field-energy. In that case one could hope to deduce the concept of the mass-point together with the equations of the motion of the particles from the field equations—the disturbing dualism would have been removed.

H. A. Lorentz knew this very well. However, Maxwell's equations did not permit the derivations of the equilibrium of the electricity which constitutes a particle. Only other, nonlinear field equations could possibly accomplish such a thing. But no method existed by which this kind of field equations could be discovered without deteriorating into adventurous arbitrariness. In any case one could believe it possible by and by to find a new and secure foundation for all of physics upon the path so successfully begun by Faraday and Maxwell.

Accordingly, the revolution begun by the introduction of the field was by no means finished. Then it happened that, around the turn of the century, independently of what we have just been discussing, a second fundamental crisis set in, the seriousness of which was suddenly recognized due to Max Planck's investigations into heat radiation (1900).

My own interest in those years was less concerned with the detailed consequences of Planck's results, however important these might be. My major question was: what general conclusions can be drawn from the radiation-formula concerning the structure of radiation and

(Continued on page 36)

—*International News Service.*

Einstein's arrival in New York on a visit in 1921.

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Fiction. *Very apropos of the discussion about the pearls of publishing now running in* SRL *are two novels we review this week. Peter Bourne's "Flames of Empire," a long historical romance, scrupulously researched, drama packed, crowded with cardboard characters, has already climbed high on many best-seller lists. Scott Hart's "Eight April Days" also has an historical background, but it is brief, moving, filled with credible characters, and—as its publisher reported in* SRL *last week—is moving slowly in the book stores. Two other novels reviewed here are by writers with long records of success. The always unpredictable George R. Stewart in "Earth Abides" has written an effective answer to the question whether civilization can be restored after globalwide disaster, while Ben Lucien Burman in "Everywhere I Roam" has created some unforgettable people on a tour through America's South.*

Little Man Against Mechanized World

EVERYWHERE I ROAM. By Ben Lucien Burman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 304 pp. $3.

By HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN has succeeded in endowing a region and a set of characters shaped by that region with a universality that touches much of mankind. Captain Asa, chief character of "Everywhere I Roam," is a product of the Cumberlands in Kentucky. In race, religion, cultural background, and original occupation he is much like thousands of other members of that vanishing race of subsistence farmers in our Southern Appalachians, men often ridiculed because their conceptions of standards of living and standards of plumbing are not always twins. But in mind and soul Captain Asa is closer akin to all men who have ever tried to realize the dream of a better life; he belongs, too, with the multitudes for whom the only life they are fitted has been wrecked by something bigger than themselves, so big and so inhuman the little man cannot even fight it. In Captain Asa's case this ruination was brought about by the steady march into the back hills of a progress that brought a higher standard of living and consequently roads, coal mines, juke boxes, pool rooms, cosmetics, and at last a steel mill.

Captain Asa wanted life as it had been when: "Never had no lock on your door. And if you was hungry or sick you knowed there'd be a neighbor to bake you some cornbread or give you some herb medicine to get you well." Just as he knew that the St. Louis Fair had been the best of all possible fairs, he knew that the old life had been the best and that somewhere he could find a good place untouched by industry, where he could keep his three grown children unspoiled and always with him. So he hitched his horse to a home-made trailer, and with juke-box-loving Ula, machinery-loving Vergil, made-to-love Fernie, and the grave-eyed dog he set out.

But the wheels have hardly creaked across the creek bottom before we know that Captain Asa's dream can never be realized, for with him in his children, already touched by "progress," and in his own need to earn a living he carries the seeds of failure. Though he hates the ugliness of industry, he must in order to live add a bit more to the tawdriness of the world by trying to sell the ugly bedspreads his daughters finish or the still uglier statuettes they paint.

The captain's search for lost goodness covers a considerable portion of the Middle South; he crosses rivers, hills, grasslands, and rolling farmlands, learns the enervating sadness of swamp roads, goes into cabins by the road and visits great cities, sees the brash ugliness of a boom oil town, sees the beauty of a swamp by moonlight, "gets on the radio"—one of the most poignant passages in the book—, sees and feels and knows all the vagaries of the weather through the seasons; but everywhere he goes he meets the same thing in the end—the need to earn money both in himself and other men; all things seem done to fill that need, be it the gathering of moss or the saving of souls.

There is nothing particularly original about Captain Asa's journey, but few other writers have so integrated scene and character or matched the author's prose in clarity, strength, and simplicity of word con-

THE AUTHOR: If Ben Lucien Burman's earliest memories are of hearing steamboats whistle and seeing mountaineers being brought into Covington, Ky., by revenue officers, the decisive influence in his life was having been severely wounded in France during World War I while yet a Harvard undergraduate. "I was flat on my back for at least a year and a half. I either had to get a philosophy or crack up. My code (and it fits in with my writing) is: never be cruel, never lose your sense of humor, always be artistic." The third tenet was, necessarily, temporarily modified during the tossings of his salad days, when he did a series of success stories for the *New York World* and syndicates under the contemptuous pseudonym Burton L. Benham. Soon afterward, having colorfully covered a police conclave, he became their crime man. About that time he started to write artistic river stories, which did not sell, and detective stories, which did. While "Steamboat Round the Bend" is his best-known novel, "I've written books a lot better than that!" he says. "Blow for a Landing" was the first novel that satisfied him. It was a Southern Authors Prize winner in 1938 and has recently been selling like *kartoffelen* in Germany. Like "Rooster Crows for Day" and "Everywhere I Roam," it is thematic, with a deliberate symphonic pattern. "Rooster" was conceived while Burman, the first war correspondent to reach the Free French, was dispatching from Africa the historic cables exposing Petain that won him the French Legion of Honor. Accompanied by his wife-illustrator, Alice Caddy, he did his first Mississippi stories in the Sahara and spun other Americana in Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, Arabia, and Europe. "The only people I can write about," he says, "are those very close to the soil and water. . . . I suppose I'm a cheerful cynic. I have no illusions about humanity. But its basic childishness delights me."—R. G.

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veying multiplicity of idea—a gift all too rare today when too many writers try to cover a paucity of thought with verbosity. Mr. Burman stands at the other extreme; with a minimum of words, scenes, and characters he can not only portray a region with all its multitude of incident and character, but he makes one live in it with sorrow, joy, and excitement.

There are times when we wish for a bit more detail; other times we quarrel with his careless use of it; there is no huge steel mill in the neighborhood of Pineville, nor do laurel and dogwood bloom simultaneously, and his horse seems most too speedy; but these are indeed minor matters. Our gratitude for what he leaves out far exceeds any complaints. The reader is spared any adolescent preoccupation with the details of sex, dirty language, or gory bloodshed. Mr. Burman seems more concerned with the truth of a Keats than the "reality" of a Caldwell. Captain Asa's world is never black and white; he finds less pure sin than cheapness, tawdriness, ugliness, and greed; he also finds kindness, hospitality, and understanding, for many of the men and women he meets are like himself, broken by the big wheels of industry, no part of the pattern, but shaped by it just the same; continually at the mercy of the bigger, the newer, the stronger, the more ruthless. In only a few has it bred bitterness; philosophical acceptance of the fact that this is not the best of all possible worlds but that a man must do the best he can to get a living out of it seems to be the most common attitude, expressed most completely in word and deed by the wonderful Mr. Waters, only one of the many characters that live in the book.

Some are noble like Ula—a great relief after the droves of cut-and-dried Steinbeckish harpies—others are sinners, but the sinners seem more victims of the pattern that none can escape than villains. If there be a villain in the piece it is for this reviewer the juke box; each juke box, particularly the small one Ula got as a wedding gift, has the concrete reality that Mr. Burman seems able to give to most things; but take the juke boxes together, their noise, their violent lights, their senseless bubbles, their cost in human blood, and they blend into one giant juke box that somehow stands as a symbol, uglier and more hateful than the steel mill, a symbol of the thing that stood between Captain Asa and the lost goodness of the world for which he might forever search but never find.

1860-Style Lanny Budd

FLAMES OF EMPIRE. By Peter Bourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 434 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Pick

. . . Santa Anna waved his hand. "Take them away."

"Oh God!" Ravenel muttered. His tortured eyes sought the rigid figure of his wife; then his son. "At least permit me a few words with my family," he appealed.

"It will be a waste of time. . . ."

With one last glance at his family Ravenel turned and stumbled out. As the door closed, Joanna collapsed on the floor, unconscious. Martin knew then the meaning of the scene that had been enacted before him.

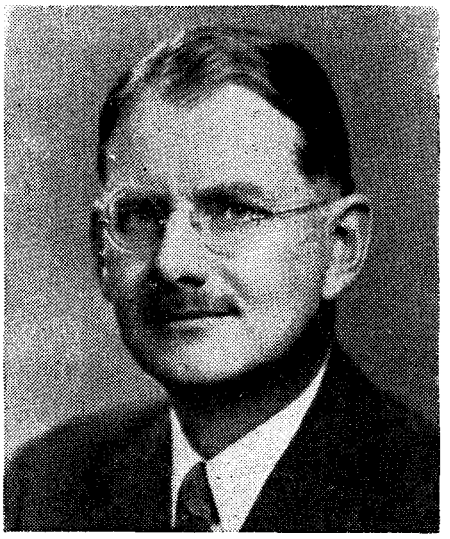
"Papa, papa!" he shouted. . . .

WITH such stunning brevity the reader of "Flames of Empire" learns of the childhood tragedy befalling its hero, Martin Ravenel, while, with his parents, in the year 1848 he is on a visit to Mexico.

He grows up to be a kind of Lanny Budd—a poor man's Lanny Budd, to be sure—of the fateful 1860's. Half-English, half-American by extraction, the young owner of a Louisiana plantation of course sides with the South. The Confederate Government dispatches him to Europe as the secretary of and pacemaker for its diplomatic agent. Martin comes to meet everybody in no time—up to Napoleon III, who willingly opens his heart to the straightforward American. So does Archduke Maximilian of Austria, in whose ascent to the Mexican throne Mr. Ravenel takes a hand. But he is no mere adventurer, schemer, or pleasure-seeker, for a great love for the downtrodden Mexican masses fills Martin's heart.

This novel then is in essence a long and verbose comic strip about the Maximilian-and-Carlotta episode as seen through Mr. Ravenel's eyes. Needless to say that a faithful, plain-spoken, middle-aged, lower-class underling and squire accompanies every step of the young hero, and that a cleancut, well-born, and ubiquitous Texas girl (by name Amanda) is present aboard the ship carrying him to the cabal-ridden, corrupt European courts, in wicked Paris, and finally in the cell where Martin, after Querétaro, spends his last hours.

The amazing thing about a book like this is the accuracy of the historical information crammed into its pages—which yet does not manage to prevent its historical figures from appearing about as real as its fictional cardboard hero and his beloved.



George R. Stewart—"several cuts above his predecessors."

Ish, Em & a New Ark

EARTH ABIDES. By George R. Stewart. New York: Random House. 373 *pp.* $3.

By August Derleth

IF MOST of mankind were wiped from the earth by a new and lethal disease, could the survivors adjust themselves sufficiently to maintain life and ultimately renew social institutions? The author of such best-selling and critically acclaimed novels as "Storm" and "Fire" poses this question and answers it in his most recent novel. The question has been asked before—by J. A. Mitchell, Alfred Noyes, M. P. Shiel, and others—and though Shiel's "The Purple Cloud" has no stylistic peer, it has remained for George Stewart to answer the question most effectively.

The central surviver in "Earth Abides" is Isherwood Williams, a college graduate, who is accidentally immunized against the epidemic by a rattlesnake bite. From his isolated California forest cabin, Williams makes his way back to what remains of civilization—the great machines destined to run until they wear out for lack of care and the replacement of their parts. After his initial adjustment to finding himself one of the few survivors of the human race, he takes a jaunt across country to New York and back, eventually finding a mate in Em, a woman of mixed blood.

The pattern of Williams's life thereafter is Mr. Stewart's answer to his question about mankind's future. From the family unit it moves to tribal living, then to intertribal communication, and finally to the estab-

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lishment of taboos and laws, presaging a new civilization, which is presumably to repeat the history of mankind. "Men come and go," quotes Williams, dying, "but earth abides."

"Earth Abides" is constructed as a straightforward narrative in three major parts with two telescopic chapters among them. The initial part closes with the approaching birth of Williams's first child; the second tells the story of Year 22—the births, deaths, the typhoid epidemic, the first execution; the final part sketches Williams's last year of life as the only survivor of the world as it was before the destruction of civilization.

Mr. Stewart's simple, straightforward style distinguishes this novel as it does its predecessors. There are occasional italicized portions breaking the narrative and designed to afford the reader the view of the camera eye of omnipotence; these are often most effective, but sometimes obtrusively pretentious; their relation to the whole narrative, however, is minor and in no way diminishes the effectiveness of Mr. Stewart's story.

If "Earth Abides" does not seem quite as impressive a work as "Storm," for instance, it is nevertheless a fiction of superb and provocative entertainment. The easy credibility of the story, particularly in our atomic age, when disasters of this magnitude seem more possible, the authenticity of the characters, the heartening faith in man's ingenuity before the catastrophe of a depopulated world all contribute to making of this book a solid and memorable achievement. And Ish Williams himself, who ultimately becomes for the young civilization which follows him "the Old One with the hammer"—the weapon he had carried with him

(*Continued on page* 33)

Americana. *Just last week, in presenting reviews of Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln Collector" and Kenneth P. Williams's "Lincoln Finds a General," we commented on the fascination the Civil-War era holds for Americans of the mid-twentieth century. Fresh evidence of this is furnished by two recent books which look at the brothers' war from the Southern side: Ben Ames Williams's new edition of Mary Boykin Chesnut's witty and discerning "Diary from Dixie," which will be reviewed shortly, and Manly Wade Wellman's biography of the dashing cavalry commander Wade Hampton, "Giant in Gray," discussed below. Two other American themes, intimately related, that continue to intrigue are the pioneering Westerner and the hostile redman. They appear in two books this week: R. E. Banta's "The Ohio," a report on the river valley, and Irene D. Paden's "Prairie Schooner Detours."*

Folks & Their Ways by the River

THE OHIO. By R. E. Banta. New York: Rinehart & Co. 592 pp. $5.

By William E. Wilson

HOW to limit the area to be dealt with in each assignment has been one of the major problems of the editors and authors of the Rivers of America Series, and the tendency to stray from the rivers' banks has been a point of attack for critics of the series since its inception a decade ago. Such attacks have not always been just, for they have at times ignored the purpose of the series as defined by its originator, Constance Lindsay Skinner,—to tell the story of American folk and their ways in the regions influenced by river life and traffic.

In the case of Mr. Banta's big book about the Ohio, there can be no such point at issue. True, Mr. Banta paddles up and down the Connecticut and the Hudson with John Fitch for a while, but only as a prelude to Fitch's tragic end in Kentucky and to the successes of later designers and builders of steamboats, like Fulton, Roosevelt, and Shreve. In his chapter on the Civil War, Mr. Banta is tempted also into the Tennessee, but only briefly and with reason. Again, he plies his way thirty miles up the Wabash and devotes almost an entire chapter to the Socialistic experiments of George Rapp and Robert Owen at New Harmony, but again he has reason. Mr. Banta probably knows more about New Harmony than any man living—and, anyhow, the Rappites and the Owenites both reached New Harmony via the Ohio, the latter in the famous Boatload of Knowledge. On the whole, however, the author of "The Ohio" has kept his eye on the river itself better than most of his thirty-eight predecessors in the series.

In the matter of Indians—another problem that plagues the Rivers editors and writers—Mr. Banta has not done so well. There are some 200 pages of assorted redskins in his book before one comes upon an unpigmented rogue—and even then the first white villain turns out to be that savagest of savages Simon Girty. Thereafter, Big and Little Harpe, Colonel Plug, and the bloodthirsty boys that hung out at Cave-in-Rock are a welcome relief. One almost rushes to these hooligans and cutthroats with open arms, for redskins, in books of popular history, can be taken only in small doses, just as they were apparently preferred by the pioneers.

Once out of the woods, where an Indian lurked behind every tree, Mr. Banta's book swings along with

—From "The Ohio."

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delightful gusto, however. His thesis regarding "the great plague of journal-keeping travelers" that descended upon the Ohio in the early nineteenth century is worthy of full treatment sometime in a book all to itself. His scholarly and yet lively descriptions of all the forms of entertainment in the Ohio Valley backwoods, from group singing to prostitution, make highly entertaining and informative reading. His chapters on learning and the arts along the river's shores avoid the obvious pitfall of becoming mere catalogues of names, biographies, herb remedies, litigations, scientific discoveries, and the titles of books and pictures. Finally, his three sections that bring the river's story down to the present, enumerating its products, explaining its floods, its navigation, and its improvements, and portraying its modern aspect, give "The Ohio" a completeness that many of the Rivers books do not have.

Indeed, this volume is one that has long been needed, for nothing equaling it in scope has been published on the subject. Mr. Banta is thorough, sometimes to the degree of prolixity but never quite to the point of dulness. He writes in an ebullient and stubbornly individualistic style that is, however, neither crotchety nor obscure. He is authoritative, for he has not only studied but has lived with his subject for years. He is honest and fair. And he has had the good fortune to be illustrated by an artist of Edward Shenton's fine talents.

William E. Wilson, professor of English at the University of Colorado, is author of "Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek" and other books.

Two Cutoffs from South Pass

PRAIRIE SCHOONER DETOURS. By Irene D. Paden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 295 pp. $3.75.

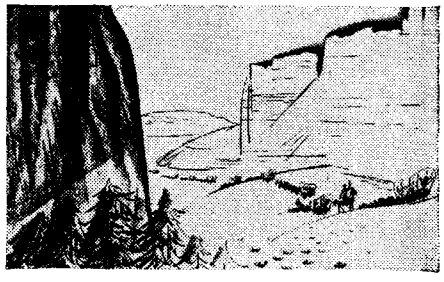
By Dale L. Morgan

SIX years ago, with "The Wake of the Prairie Schooner," Irene D. Paden discovered for the general reading public the piquant pleasures that lurk in hunting out the vanishing traces of the old immigrant trails. What the formal historians almost despair of getting over to their readers—the breathtaking sense of the chase implicit in any historical inquiry, the fascination of working with jigsaw puzzles on a continental scale, the excitement of finding out what has not heretofore been a part of organized knowledge—Mrs. Paden effectively dramatized in a buoyant account of nine years' researches by the Padens and their friends in the vast country between the Missouri and the green and golden shore.

In that first book she took the whole West for her province, or at any rate so much of it as funneled either way from South Pass. Now, in "Prairie Schooner Detours," Mrs. Paden has taken up two major cutoffs which received only sketchy treatment before, and has written a book which may also be shelved as Volume Two of the Lives and Good Times of the Padens. Everyone who enjoyed the first book is certain to like this one and, conversely, those who first become acquainted with the breezy wife of Alameda's superintendent of schools through "Prairie Schooner Detours" will want to enlarge the acquaintanceship.

Historically, the new book strikes me as a much better performance than the first. Having less ground to go over, Mrs. Paden is more thorough about it, and a great deal less careless in statements of fact. Based on more recent research, with the understanding clearly in view that a book would come of it, "Prairie Schooner Detours" is in every way a more responsible work of history, and those who may need to lean on it can do so with more assurance.

The two punishing trails which are the subject of the book are the Hastings and Lassen cutoffs. The former separated from the older trail at Fort Bridger to strike west into Utah through the Wasatch Mountains, round the southern shore of Great Salt Lake, cross the formidable Salt Desert to Pilot Peak on the Utah-Nevada line, and then, by a circuitous route over the Toano and Pequop ranges and around the Ruby Mountains, rejoin the California Trail in the Humboldt Valley below present Elko. The Lassen Cutoff diverged from the established trail 160 miles farther down the Humboldt, leaving the river at its big bend to strike off west across the charred Black Rock Desert, wind west and south (and also damnably north) over and through the Sierras, and descend finally into the great valley of the Sacramento. The two trails lie in such geographical relationship that one immigrant party could have taken both, but there is no reason to believe that any party was ever so impervious to experience as to have tried. The fearsome Hastings Cutoff was enough to sour any immigrant on shortcuts; and, moreover, the Hastings route was used to any degree only in 1846 and 1850, with a bare handful of travelers adopting it at the tag-end of the 1849 immigrating season, whereas the Lassen trail, "the Horn" or "Greenhorn" route of acid memory, as a California rather than an Oregon route, had 1849 as its only big year. Quite possibly none but the Padens have ever been over both trails, and even they only approximately.



—From the book jacket.

I have not made a special study of the Lassen Cutoff, hence must appraise the book in the light of its treatment of the Hastings Cutoff. The absurdities which embarrassed "The Wake of the Prairie Schooner" in description of the trail immediately west of Fort Bridger have been eliminated in the new book, but it is evident that Mrs. Paden is not yet entirely clear as to just where the trail ran from Fort Bridger to Sulphur Creek. West of the Bear her ideas are more positive, but mistaken; so far from following down the river some distance, the trail climbed almost immediately up Stagecoach Hollow to the head of Coyote Creek. She is again mistaken in thinking the Donner-Mormon trail climbed to Big Mountain via Little Dutch Hollow; Little Emigration Canyon was employed. In the main, however, she has the trail right through the labyrinth of the Wasatch Mountains, and west of Salt Lake City I am not now disposed to quarrel with her. In her treatment of the history of the Hastings Cutoff there are some misconceptions and mistakes, and she has not always been alert to the full resources of information in the primary records she has used. These are matters that merit development at greater length than the available space here permits. I had better be content to say that "Prairie Schooner Detours" offers entertainment and information in abundance and should meet with a wide and appreciative public.

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Centaur in the Civil War

GIANT IN GRAY. By Manly Wade Wellman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 387 *pp.* $5.

By STANLEY F. HORN

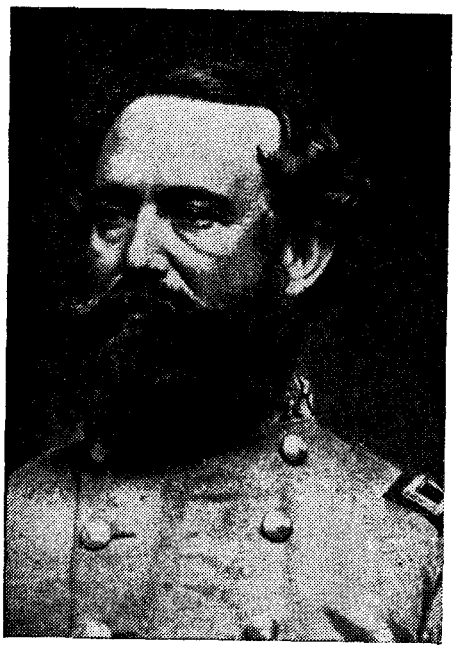
"GIANT" is a large-sized word, but it is not inappropriately used in describing General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. Hampton was a big man figuratively and literally, physically and spiritually. As a dashing cavalry commander in the armies of the Confederate States of America he was a veritable centaur, a big man on a big charger, glorying in the clash of personal combat. The war over, he gracefully accepted defeat and financial ruin and lived on to serve his state with distinction in private life and as Governor and United States Senator.

It was once a common saying that the War Between the States was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight," but the fallacy of this cynical aphorism was well demonstrated by the example of Hampton—among many others. He was a rich man, an extensive land-holder, and the owner of 3,000 slaves, when the war started in 1861. He was an anti-secessionist and was opposed to war. But when war came he did not hesitate to offer himself and his financial resources in the defense of his native South Carolina.

Within twenty days after the fall of Fort Sumter Wade Hampton, in an advertisement in the *Charleston Courier*, was calling for volunteers, a thousand of them, to organize a "Legion" of all arms—six companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. Within less than a week more men had volunteered than could be used, and late in June "Hampton's Legion" left South Carolina for the fields of Virginia, where it was to win fame for itself and its commander. After a brief stop-over in Richmond, the Legion moved on to Manassas, arriving just in time to be thrust hastily into the battle then and there raging. Early in the action Hampton's horse was shot from under him, and he continued to lead his men on foot, wielding a fallen infantryman's rifle. The battle over, he was praised by Beauregard for his "soldierly ability," and won the compliments of President Davis.

Other battles followed, and Hampton and his Legion were in the thick of them, always found where the fighting was the hottest. Eventually he was transferred to the cavalry service, and when colorful "Jeb" Stuart was killed in 1864 it was the strapping big South Carolinian who was selected by Robert E. Lee to command the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. That he made a good job of it is a matter of history, some military critics even venturing the opinion that the unostentatious, calculating Hampton was really a more effective cavalry leader than the more spectacular Stuart. In truth, Hampton—like his companion-in-arms, Nathan Bedford Forrest—seemed to possess a natural genius for cavalry fighting, without benefit of West Point or any other formal military training. Bravely and skilfully he fought on to the end and then, his parole in his pocket, went back to the blackened ruins of his once palatial home in South Carolina, there to face the tragic problems of the Reconstruction.

> Hampton [writes Mr. Wellman], who had marched to war as the richest gentleman of the South, came back as one of the poorest. He moved into an overseer's house that had escaped the burning at Sand Hills. . . . He had no source of income; he mourned the loss of kinsmen and friends. Three thousand Negroes who had once called him master were now lost among the throngs of freedmen who questioned, begged, and sometimes rioted. His Confederate money and his lieutenant-general's commission were alike valueless bits of paper. Home from the wars he had brought memories of defeated toil and struggle, a gray uniform he was forbidden to wear, and the scars of five wounds. That was all.



General Wade Hampton—"a big man on a big charger."

Essentially Hampton's plight was not far different from that of thousands of other returned Confederate soldiers; but Hampton, like Robert E. Lee, showed his greatness by rising above the crippling handicaps of adversity. Ever counseling conciliation and moderation and justice to all, regardless of party or color, but vigorously opposing oppression, he helped to lead the people of South Carolina through the nightmare of the postwar years until home rule was restored and the name of Wade Hampton became legendary in the history of the state.

"Giant in Gray" is Mr. Wellman's first venture into the field of historical biography, although he is an established writer of fiction. In this life of Wade Hampton he combines the two essentials of a successful historical work: he knows how to write and he knows what he is writing about. The result is an excellent biography of a truly great man, a man too long neglected by writers. The book deserves, and will doubtless attain, a place high in the list of the standard books of biography of Southern soldiers and statesmen.

Stanley F. Horn, editor of The Southern Lumberman, *wrote "The Army of Tennessee" and edited the recent "The Robert E. Lee Reader."*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 336

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 336 will be found in the next issue.

O ZWHHZS QFSRIZWHM

VSZDG CBS CB HVFCIUV

ZWTS JSFM GACCHVZM.

—SZWNOPSHV UOGYSZZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 335

Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night.

—E. A. POE.

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Humor. *Since one of the happiest ways of bidding a friend a Merry Christmas is to give him something that will make him laugh, many solid citizens use books of humor as Christmas gifts. For this reason, each year a number of enterprising publishers gather together a pound or two of risible material, whether in pictorial or textual form, bind it between boards, and put it into the nation's book stores in time to succor harried gift givers. Devotees of pictorial humor will find much to delight them in Peter Arno's "Sizzling Platter" and Whitney Darrow, Jr.'s "Please Pass the Hostess." Of this season's written humor two of the better collections are reviewed below: "Chips off the Old Benchley," last pieces by the late Robert Benchley, and "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by the still very much alive S. J. Perelman.*

A Couple of Funny Fellows

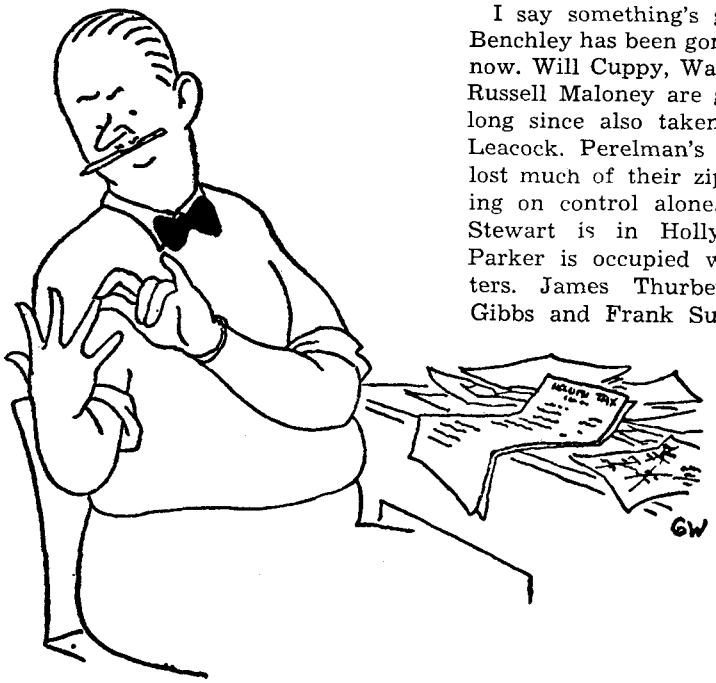
CHIPS OFF THE OLD BENCHLEY. By Robert Benchley. New York: Harper & Bros. 273 pp. $3.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 153 pp. $2.95.

By Lee Rogow

THERE seems to be a slather of public and private money available for the endowment of various worthy projects—rural electrification, development of rocket fuels, novels promoting the Christian ideal, even obscurantist poetry. I wonder if a smidgeon of that loot could be siphoned off to encourage a valuable but declining literary form—the short comic essay. The masters of this ill-paid craft are becoming as rare as the gentlemen who make a profession of tying ascot ties for weddings. Soon, I fear, the art will become one with the dodo and the apteryx, remembered only by the disciples of Elizabeth S. Kingsley.

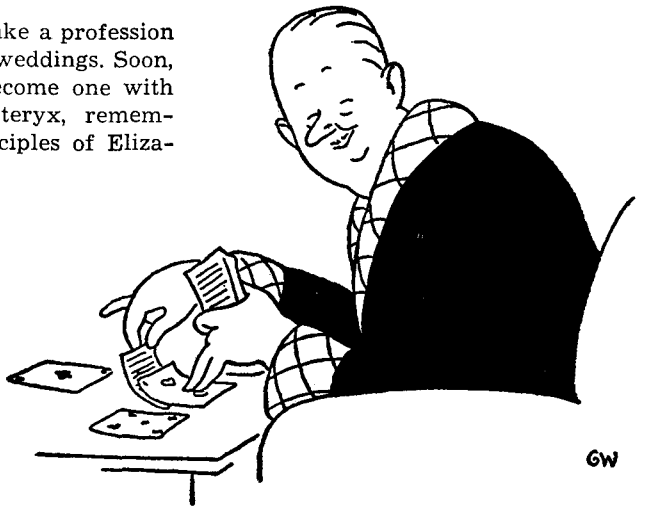
Unlike its dead-pan cousin, the serious essay, the short comic piece has lost none of its audience. The production of potential customers reached new heights during the war and the maternity hospitals report only a mild slackening off since. But for some reason I have not been able to determine the shortage of new apprentices in the field of "casuals" is something fierce.



I say something's got to be done. Benchley has been gone for four years now. Will Cuppy, Wallace Irwin, and Russell Maloney are gone. Death has long since also taken away Stephen Leacock. Perelman's fast balls have lost much of their zip and he's relying on control alone. Donald Ogden Stewart is in Hollywood, Dorothy Parker is occupied with other matters. James Thurber and Wolcott Gibbs and Frank Sullivan are with us all too seldom. We decidedly need some new funny fellows in print.

The picture is so bleak that this new combing of Benchley's papers, "Chips Off the Old Benchley," has been greeted with louder hosannas than its contents really merit. There is more to it than that, of course. Benchley seems to have been one of the few really beloved human beings of our time, kind, gay, witty, honest, tasteful, and marvelous company. The reviewers have treated him as a modern-day Baldur (that fellow in Norse mythology who was so good that the very stones refused to be thrown at him).

But even Thurber, in his fulsome and touching memoir in the Sunday *Times*, hinted that Benchley's publishers have been somewhat over-assiduous in mining the lode of Benchley's product, and Lewis Gannett, in the *Herald Tribune*, remarked that this collection suffered because the author was not there to decide what was to be in and what was to be out.



—Illustrations from the book.

The fact is that the material in "Chips Off the Old Benchley" is hardly up to the gentleman's best work. There is only an occasional gleam or turn of phrase to indicate that the man was one of the two or three funniest fellows in the English language.

Chalk this up as run-of-the-mine Benchley and—but wait a second. This is a fatiguing craft. (The only man I know who manages to be funny day after day is Nick Kenny, radio columnist of the New York *Daily Mirror*.) And besides Benchley was clearly one of the princes of the earth, and he could write things like:

"People are constantly writing in to this department and asking, 'What kind of dog shall I give my boy?'

"Or, sometimes, 'What kind of boy shall I give my dog?'

And, "A dog teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance, and to turn around

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—*Illustrations from "Listening to the Mocking Bird."*

"Perelman the Glass of Fashion."

three times before lying down. . . ."

The illustrations are by Gluyas Williams, of course.

* * *

BACK in the middle Thirties a curious legend began to grow among the simple and superstitious folk who were the passengers on the Boulevard Transit Line, a bus company which plied between Bayonne, New Jersey, and Times Square. It was whispered among the *moujiks* that at certain times of the day a vision could be seen in one of the rear seats of a company bus. The vision was of a young man, much too noble of brow, much too cosmopolitan of manner to have sprung from the purlieus and pothouses of Hudson County. He was attired in garments which would have wrung gasps of despair from at least eight of the ten best-dressed men of the year—a sports jacket with a belt in the back, electric green slacks, dirty white shoes, and a felt creation which used to be known around the amusement parks as a whoopee hat. The sight of this incredibly debonair young man was in itself enough to set the peasants a-scratchin' of their woolly polls, but there was something about him which inspired even greater awe. At certain intervals he would break into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

Since it is doubtful whether any copy of this magazine will ever penetrate to the remote fastnesses of Bayonne, I think I shatter no local legend by revealing here that the young man was myself, the garments I have described were a careful selection from the racks and shelves of Charles Strunsky's Young Men's Clothing Center, and the reason for my laughter was that I often read the works of S. J. Perelman.

Ah, that was *le vrai, le seul* Perelman, king of gusset-splitters, prince of yock-makers, champion rib-tickler. (He won the championship in a contest at a Third Avenue barbecue joint, tickling well over twice as many plates of ribs as his nearest competitor.) There was no one with a keener ear for the absurdities of language, no one quicker to clip a cliché or to roast a chestnut. He was without question the funniest man writing English, a delight to read, and a frightening influence on the young men who write the funny letters which girls show around to their friends.

A great deal of Perelman's distinctive wit and style may be remarked in the pages of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," his latest collection of pieces from *The New Yorker*. But it is my melancholy duty to report that this is not the 100-octane, chemically pure, gingervated Perelman of "The Dream Department," "Crazy Like a Fox," and "Keep It Crisp." There are moments, to be sure, when the lights go on and the bells ring, and Perelman makes all other American humorists look like so many *schleppers*. Certainly no one writing today can equal the demented satire of "Mortar and Pestle," a vignette of the Los Angeles drugstores, and "Many a Slip," which is about two gents from the garment center who are taking a slip to Wilmington for an out-of-town tryout. But these are two out of twenty, and most of the others aren't even in their league. In particular, I didn't much care for the seven "Cloudland Revisited" pieces, in which Perelman has made rather mild fun out of reporting on his rereading of the pulse-quickening novels of the Twenties.

At his high moments, Perelman is right up there in the silver balloon with Professor Piccard, but there aren't enough such moments to keep me from being a bit disappointed in the Master. It's very hard to say just *why* something isn't very funny. If pressed for an analysis, I'd say Perelman has overdone the nervous breakdown ending, and that he has written too much of things that happened to him, neglecting the satire of custom, language, and literary convention which he does so superbly.

There is one wonderfully funny crack in the book. It's to be found on the dust jacket. Under the heading, "An Appreciation of S. J. Perelman, by George S. Kaufman," there is the following quotation: "I appreciate S. J. Perelman. (Signed) George S. Kaufman."

"Perelman the Writer."

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Music. *As this issue goes to press the Metropolitan Opera initiates its final season under the aegis of Edward Johnson. During Johnson's fifteen-year period as general manager performances of the Wagnerian repertory have been of a particularly high standard. The participation of such singers as Flagstad, Lehmann, and Melchior, and of such conductors as Fritz Busch and George Szell, greatly swelled the rank of "perfect Wagnerites" in America. On page 64 we review an analysis of "Wagner's Operas," by Ernest Newman, who is acknowledged to be the greatest living authority on the master of Bayreuth. . . . It is an index of the esteem in which Igor Stravinsky is held today that three critical estimates of his music should be published in one year. Two of the 1949 crop are reviewed this week, a symposium edited by Edwin Corle and a study by Alexandre Tansman; also a new biography of Sigmund Romberg.*

Sigmund Romberg in Fact and Fiction

DEEP IN MY HEART: A Story Based on the Life of Sigmund Romberg. By Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 511 *pp.* $4.50.

By Sigmund Spaeth

SIGMUND ROMBERG is a kindly gentleman and an excellent musician. Admitting the difficulty of putting the biography of a living person into semi-fictional form, it must be conceded that Elliott Arnold's "Deep in My Heart" makes good reading.

Romberg's career has perhaps been too consistently successful to create the excitement or suspense that one would expect in an actual novel. But his story is pleasantly entertaining and it has many significant contacts with the development of America's popular music from the artificial sentimentality of the naive Nineties to the impressive art form that it is at its best today.

The importance of Sigmund Romberg goes beyond the creation of charming operettas whose tunes will be hummed and whistled indefinitely. He has been a vital force in American show business, a founder of the Dramatists' Guild, a director of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP), and a longtime president of the Songwriters' Protective Association. Starting as an expert performer on both piano and violin, he has become not only a composer but an orchestral conductor, an efficient executive, a broadcaster of parts, and (privately and confidentially) a true humanitarian.

Mr. Arnold's book stresses all of these activities except perhaps the last. He presents Romberg as an appealing personality from his European childhood to his current state of eminence and economic security. His solid training in music, his courageous recovery from occasional setbacks and disappointments, his adaptability to American conditions and the vagaries of the Broadway stage, his happy marriage, and the integrity of his artistic development are all sufficiently emphasized.

It has been the fashion among music lovers to label Romberg an eclectic composer, possibly even a super-arranger of other men's melodies, and this may be due largely to the fact that his best-known score, "Blossom Time," is frankly and logically based upon the tunes of Franz Schubert, who happens to be the hero of that work. Actually Sigmund Romberg has invented plenty of good tunes of his own, including the "Deep in My Heart" which supplies the title of this book. Aside from any basic originality (which no great composer has ever considered of primary importance), the Romberg songs display a dependable musicianship of the sort that has marked the work of Herbert, Kern, Gershwin, Porter, and Rodgers, setting a new standard of popular music which no other country in the world has thus far approached.

"Deep in My Heart" begins with something of the atmosphere of a juvenile biography, full of clearly manufactured dialogue and artless references to people and things that we now know to have been exceedingly significant. But the story gathers conviction as it progresses, particularly after the scene changes to the United States. Reminiscences of the Vienna of Johann Strauss and Franz Lehar lead to a vivid parade of living American characters—Al Jolson, Irving Berlin, Vivienne Segal, the Shuberts, Oscar Hammerstein II, Moss Hart, Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Louis B. Mayer, Peggy Wood, Billy Rose, with reminders also of the late George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, Marilyn Miller, Dorothy Donnelly, and Edward Sheldon. The world of musical comedy definitely comes to life in these passages.

One realizes also that writing for the musical stage is not just a rosy succession of enormous hits and fabulous royalties. There are problems of contracts and options and production costs and mistaken judgment. The

(Continued on page 64)

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The Pearls of Publishing

Deserving Books of 1949: Part II

WE HERE continue publication of the replies we have received in repsonse to our invitation to leading publishers to nominate two deserving but insufficiently appreciated books issued during the past year—one book published by their own house, one by another firm. The books need not have been "flops." They might have received excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed, for some reason or another, to receive the public response they merited.

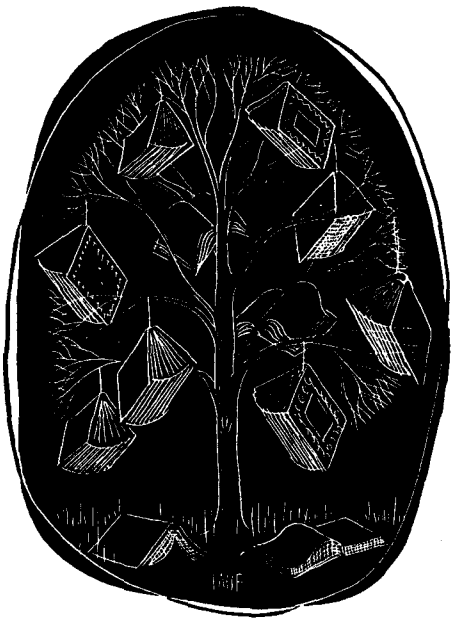
The ballots tabulated this week come from fourteen publishers and propose the names of twenty-four worth-while books not previously mentioned. Counting the ballots recorded in *The Saturday Review* last week, this makes a total of sixty-seven books nominated by thirty-nine publishers.

Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior," published by Scribner's, remains the most frequently mentioned book, with four nominations. This week two other books—"The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White (Harper), and "The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane),—join James Gould Cozzens's "Guard of Honor" (Harcourt, Brace) and Elizabeth Charlotte Webster's "Ceremony of Innocence" (Harcourt, Brace) in second place with two votes each. *SRL* will continue publishing results of the poll weekly until every leading publisher has had his say.

For purposes of brevity, in the list below the phrase "published by us" has been used to indicate the house with which the person making the nominations is associated.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Published by us: "Makers of the Modern Mind," by Thomas P. Neill, is a book which rightfully emphasizes that the drift from integral Christianity has been caused by the emasculation and abandonment of reason and not, as is commonly believed, by the use of uninhibited reason. This encyclopedia of modern thinkers deserves a wider reading audience than it has enjoyed since it presents in readable language analyses of the thought of eleven men who have made the modern mind what it is today.



Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons: Even cynics and materialists, having refused to accept moral and spiritual values as the solution to the problems of a troubled world, have benefited from the reading of such books as "The Seven Storey Mountain," because of the suggested parallel in their own lives—at least in the book's early stages. A beautiful fiction version of this same theme, artistically created, is to be found in "Late Have I Loved Thee." Conveying a message of deep significance for all, in the vein of "What profiteth a man if he gaineth the whole world, etc."—a philosophy which many have completely ignored—, Ethel Mannin's book is a masterful work which could do an immense amount of good in its revelation of today's basic problems.

FRANK BRUCE,
THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO.

Published by us: Of vital and timely interest, "The Return of Adam Smith," by George S. Montgomery, Jr., offers fresh stimulus to those modern Americans who believe in individualism and economic freedom for all.

Published by The Devin-Adair Co.: "The Road Ahead," by John T. Flynn, like Mr. Montgomery's book, which we published, is of such vital importance that we feel it should be read by every American who loves the Republic and desires to preserve it.

J. H. GIPSON,
THE CAXTON PRINTERS, LTD.

Published by us: Clearly the need for moral control of political power is at least as crucial in our day as it has ever been in past eras. Yet we are loath to undertake any deep or real consideration of principles and possibilities, even loath to consider the possible solutions offered by others. Martin J. Hillenbrand's solution in "Power and Morals" is not novel and it is controversial, but his clear view of the problem itself and his brilliant survey of the views of others should have drawn the attention of more literate men—literacy is enough, for learning in political science is not necessary to understand this lucid and readable book.

Published by Doubleday & Co.: So many recent novels on racial and religious conflict have followed in the wake of the best sellers of several years ago that it is difficult for reviewer or reader to face a new one without a shrug of weariness. "Without Magnolias," by Bucklin Moon, is not sensational, but subtle; it is not a crude tract, but a modulated picture and a good story as well. The writing matches the charged atmosphere to make a first-rate novel.

WILLIAM BRIDGEWATER,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: Well received by specialists and their journals, "Russia and the West in Iran: 1918-1948," by George Lenczowski, becomes increasingly important to the general reader as a documented account of Russia's strategy and democracy's counterattack in a typically important area.

Published by Columbia University Press: More attention, and attention of a different sort, is deserved by "Most of the World," edited by Ralph Linton, because of its importance to the Point Four Program.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: "Miss Pettinger's Niece," by Dorothy Erskine, beautifully represents the problem and disappointment of a publisher who is interested in serious modern writing. Here is a novel of native American material, the result of first-hand observation. It is non-imitative, and Miss Erskine, in addition to originality, possesses a terrific sense of language and a wry and incisive view of character. She writes with percep-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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On Laughter

THE constant complaint that there is very little humor apparent in the United States today, whether in books, on the stage, or on the air, can be answered by a single question: What is there to laugh about? Laughter is the result of a mind at ease and a clear conscience. It calls for the ability to surrender in a moment to the ridiculous and the absurd; it is as automatic and as necessary as a good sneeze. It has now become a chortle accompanied by a grimace, an explosive ha-ha, a forced smile. Parenthetically it can be noted that the laugh has disappeared from popular fiction, whose heroes are only allowed a tight-lipped grin, though the lovely heroines may smile for a moment to reveal their long, pearl-white teeth. But with its disappearance in fiction the pictured semblance of laughter remains. The healthy and hearty men and women, girls and boys shown in advertisements are revealed with open mouths and exposed teeth, whether they are looking at a new girdle or a gleaming automobile drawn up before the perfect new house. Since they are not eating or coughing they must be laughing, though that is not the normal reaction produced by covetousness or admiration.

Today's diplomats, statemen, and politicians are always photographed while they are swept by gales of mirth! A recent shot of our own Secretary of State at the Russian Embassy in Washington laughing uproariously with Vishinsky and the Soviet Ambassador is a case in point. Obviously these men were not advertising tooth paste or powder, and it is extremely doubtful if the grim Soviet orator or Mr. Acheson have ever found each other a source of good, clean fun. They were illustrating first that they were hearty, wholesome folks, just like the common people who have forgotten how to laugh, and secondly that they were in agreement about something or other, so at the moment they found one another's society irresistibly amusing and charming. The spectacle of this artificial hilarity is presumed to be comforting and soothing to the people, and besides it is what convention and the press photographer demand of them. At least, Mr. Vishinsky at the moment was not calling Mr. Acheson a capitalist-monopolist warmonger and Fascist, though a few days later he was to belabor the rostrum at Lake Success with such violence that the name-plate of the United States was prophetically twice knocked to the floor.

All of this professional gaiety during moments of continued crisis offers a grim spectacle to a public that cannot smile or even grin in return. A satirist could conceive that these titans, who hold the symbol of peace in their left hand and the atomic bomb in their right, might be roaring not at each other but at themselves, and at all their fellow-citizens who are caught in the trap from which they themselves can find no escape. Each meeting in public, where they have to show their teeth to observe international rules of good conduct, may indeed seem to them funnier than the last. Even our own President is a fine laugher, the most convincing of all of them, because he is a naturally cheerful man and comes from a rural state which is presumed to be less advanced than its Northern and Western neighbors. Even his smile is photogenic and infectious, so that he seems to say to all of us, "I am not concerned; why should you be?"

Nevertheless, there is something alarming and even shocking in this display of international hilarity on all occasions. Compare the photographs of these rulers of our destiny today with those of Lee or Grant or Abraham Lincoln during the terrible years of the Civil War. Lincoln was a man in whom humor was as natural as water bubbling from an inexhaustible spring. He used it in moments of the deepest anxiety to lighten his burdens and the anxiety of the men about him. In public he was always grave; his features expressed resolution, strength, and the gravity befitting a man who was leading his country through a devastating war.

Today it is presumed that the man in an important office must appear to be a gay dog, an amusing story-teller who finds everyone, including his country's enemies, good fellows and as witty as Jack Benny, Milton Berle, or any other radio or television comic, If this ridiculous mummery is allowed to continue it will soon have the opposite effect, so that the public will measure the gravity of an international crisis by the extent to which Mr. Bevin, Mr. Vishinsky, or Mr. Acheson appear to be splitting with merriment. If one of them should be pictured rolling on the floor in spasms of mirth the people could be sure that an ultimatum was on the way, and the A bombs were already loaded and ready to go.

IT IS time that this absurd fashion changed and that the regimented laughter that follows the professional wise-cracks and supposedly funny personal insults that come through the air should be transformed into a more realistic art. If any country needed to cry out for a true humorist today it is the United States. Humor used to be a part of us; we were once a laughing people. There was a long tradition of men of instinctive humor before Mark Twain became celebrated. We hardly remember him today and can only look back nostalgically in the movies or the magazines at Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, and other comedians and story-tellers of twenty years ago.

Our humor has become the quips and jokes of Broadway and cafe society, always a little acid and cruel. In this form it consists of injuring others or making them appear to be ridiculous. A man with a long nose, a brazen voice, pop-eyes, or a huge stomach can make his fortune on the

Indian Summer

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

THIS is the locust's time, the season
Of plenty dozing on a hill.
Our feet defy all roads and reason
To walk perversely where they will.
Beneath the leaf we find the grape,
Key to the bedlam of our bones,
And heat that ripens all must shape
The contours of the very stones.
Days sizzle in the skillet sky,
The jeweled dark's a jealous lover;
Although the brooks have all run
dry,
Abundance nudges up like clover.
Sit down and feast. Stuff belly well.
Rome was replete the night it fell.

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air. The gruesome and sterile quality of this kind of fun is most obvious when it is printed in books. And today writers are finding their fathers and mothers, and especially their grandmothers, extremely funny. Then there is the sad humor, sardonic, tenderly satiric, that *The New Yorker* has taught so many admirable writers, or vice versa. It is curiously expressive of the mood of the upper-middle class in this country. It produces in the reader a twisted and gloomy smile that has not the slightest resemblance to the laughter of ordinary men and women. Perhaps there is no relief at present from the artificial mask of laughter, the trivial jokes, the sad comedies, the twisted smiles. But it is never wise to sell this country short. If we could change from an isolationist to an internationalist nation in eight years, we can surely learn to laugh again at ourselves and the world about us. Then let us leave this gift of nature to the people, while our leaders reveal themselves to the public as thoughtful and serious men.

—H. S.

Bookmarks

YOU can get extra value out of your book-buying these days by playing the game of Check-the-Jacket-Against-the-Text. (Pictorially, that is, but the letterpress is frequently cockeyed too.) We compiled a list of recent titles where the jacket design and the book itself were not at one in several details, but the list got too long for reproduction.

* * *

The most notorious and persisting misascription of a familiar quotation is the assignation to Mark Twain of "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." There is an authority on this business—Charles Honce of the Associated Press, who has investigated the affair thoroughly, written learnedly about it, and offers all the evidence there is in support of the thesis that Charles Dudley Warner, long editor of *The Hartford Courant* and co-author, with Mark Twain, of "The Gilded Age," originated the saying. But the truth will never catch up with the false ascription, and it has just lost further ground with the publication by the University of Minnesota Press of Theodore C. Blegen's "The Land Lies Open," a lively account of some of the men who developed the upper Mississippi Valley. "Man may not do much about the weather, as Mark Twain once intimated," writes Mr. Blegen, "but the climate does much to man." This is probably the first time Mr. Honce has been knocked down by a university press, but, if we know our man, he will be in there slugging it out for Charles Dudley Warner in the next round.

* * *

Henry Lawes, who set Milton's "Comus" to music, was annoyed by his age's addiction to Italian speech and adopted measures to expose it. "To make the public sensible of this ridiculous humor," he wrote, "I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index (which, read together, made a strange medley of nonsense) I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song." This piece of spoofery may have cost him a few free dinners, but it was probably worth it.

* * *

In a single mail we recently received two letters each of which referred to an enclosure which wasn't enclosed. One letter was from a Government agency and the other from a corporation. It looked to us as if statism and free enterprise were running a dead heat.

—J. T. W.

Even Good News Is News

IN AN EDITORIAL [Oct. 29], the editors summarized a number of recent events which came under the heading of good news but which were either underplayed or ignored in the general news coverage. An argument was advanced for a better balanced treatment of the news which wouldn't attempt to judge the importance of events primarily by the yardstick of calamity. The following items have been sent to us by *SRL* readers as deserving of more prominent national coverage than they received.

▸ Newspapers all over the country front-paged the story that George W. Armstrong, a multi-millionaire financier with strong racist theories, had given mineral lands with a potential value of $50,000,000 to Jefferson Military College in Natchez, Miss. The amount was greater than the entire education budget for the State of Mississippi. There was one condition to the gift; Jefferson Military College would have to agree to "teach and disseminate through every medium possible . . . the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin American races." The story, prominently treated, indicated that the gift had been accepted. Less prominently treated—and in many cases ignored altogether—was the follow-up news story. The gift had actually been refused. Despite the fact that the school was in critical financial condition, with a $5,000 note outstanding that might force it to close down altogether, the trustees abruptly and unequivocally spurned the windfall. "The policies announced by Judge Armstrong," they declared, "are not, never have been, and never will be the policies of Jefferson Military College as long as any member of the present board of trustees is in any way connected with the institution." Another aspect of the story somewhat buried was the fact that hundreds of small contributions with no strings attached were sent to the school. The $5,000 note has already been met.

▸ Segregation of Negroes on Pennsylvania Railroad trains operating in the South has been abolished. Any passenger can now reserve a coach seat in any part of the train.

▸ A survey made by the Twentieth Century Fund showed that this country need raise its level of production only 8 per cent to guarantee minimum standards of clothing, housing, and medical care for the entire population.

▸ Dr. L. N. Palar, Indonesian representative at the UN, predicted full settlement of the dispute that not long ago made ominous headlines around the world. He also stated that the case would not have been settled without UN intervention. This final settlement was given only the scantiest news coverage.

▸ Professor Melvin Rader of the University of Washington was fully cleared of charges linking him with Communism. Dr. Raymond B. Allen, president of the university, in a forthright and courageous statement, said that Rader had been falsely accused. Our congratulations to *The Seattle Daily Times* for taking the initiative in vindicating Professor Rader and for giving his clearance p a g e-o n e, eight-column-headline prominence.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Even Good News Is News"

SIR: Your editorial "Even Good News Is News" [*SRL* Oct. 29] should reach a much larger audience than the readers of *SRL*. We need desperately in this country newspapers which will report constructive action, which will drop from their headlines such words as "fight," "tension increases," etc. Your suggestion is a good move in the right direction.

KATHARINE H. MEAD.

Hartford, Conn.

SIR: . . . I hope you continue printing the good news.

MARTHA CLAY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR: We are in danger of emulating the policy of the Kremlin which represses the good and the true—as far as the world beyond the Curtain is concerned—while, with calculated lies and distortions, building up a scaffold of false values and hatreds against its opponents. If we keep our hearts and minds open and view the scene from all sides, we can perhaps maintain a sense of balance and make way for tolerance and understanding. If the newspapers would give the good news a chance I believe the results would be surprising. I believe people are hungry for truth and need reassurance in the goodness of their fellow men. I believe the good news policy would do much to dispel the gloom of hatred and war by creating a powerful climate of faith in the human being and hope for the democratic way of life.

SUSANNE S. ROBINSON.

New York, N. Y.

Rebuttal Rebutted

SIR: I have read with considerable astonishment Arthur Schlesinger's overwrought comments on my recently published letter in your periodical [LETTERS, *SRL* Nov. 5]. He makes several tortured leaps into space that do him small credit and which are too contemptible for further argument.

I wrote my original letter principally to castigate Mr. Schlesinger for his resorting to a red-baiting attack on Leonard Spigelgass, a middle-ground liberal who happened to take exception to Schlesinger's unqualified analysis of the Hollywood political scene. I submit, again, that red-baiting a liberal is a vicious and corrupt practice.

It would seem that Mr. Schlesinger is a pipsqueak, incapable of confessing to error.

SHEPARD TRAUBE.

Ridgefield, Conn.

The State of Freedom

SIR: In *SRL* of Nov. 5, 1949, appear two pieces which admirably illustrate your concern for free trade in ideas. Each piece is written by an able writer, with somewhat different conclusions. Henry Steele Commager says: "A miasma of suspicion is spreading over the land, and all of us, willy-nilly, breathe its foul fumes." Dixon Wecter says: "For, despite occasional exceptions like our Parnell Thomases and Hickenloopers, and a few newspapers and commentators whose favorite incantation is 'Flash!,' the American majority has gone beyond the tribal threshold . . . where communication is seen primarily as a matter of arousing the emotions of the audience."

It might fairly be said that the several conclusions, which I believe are fairly characterized by the quotations above, are of opposite tenor. Commager indicates that every American must be concerned for freedom; Wecter thinks that freedom is weathering the storm reasonably well. No doubt they are both right, so a humble reader has only to worry and be pleased with the state of freedom in his native land.

ALBERT PUCCI.

Hennepin, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Then it's agreed—my farm gets a new aqueduct, and your friend Pontius Pilate gets that judgeship."

Mottoes on the Blackboard

SIR: As a teacher I am interested in the character education of the young people in our schools. I know that when I attended school there were many teachers who posted on the blackboard the "thought for today." I always enjoyed thinking them through and applying them to certain situations—classroom or otherwise. My own mother favored her children with apt quotations whenever necessary; as a matter of fact, she still sends pearls of wisdom to her family via the mails.

Now I learn that there is ample evidence which disproves the value of the use of adages in the classroom. The lasting effect of mottoes is seriously questioned. In fact in some quarters their use is frowned upon. This has disturbed me to the point where I have begun work on a paper which will attempt to present both sides of the issue on the use of quotations in the classroom.

I would appreciate it very much if any of your readers could direct me to evidence that disproves the value of quotations and to evidence which supports their use by the teacher in our public schools.

ROBERT WAYNE.

Merced, Calif.

Publishing with Profit

SIR: The economic plight of the embattled book publishers, as outlined so brilliantly and unconvincingly by J. K. Lasser ["Book Publishing—With and Without Profit," *SRL* Oct. 29], leaves this writer strangely unmoved. I have heard this tale, backed by the same economic surrealism, for several years. The last time I heard it a battery of special pleaders appeared at the last dinner session of the Authors Club.

My single-track mind weighs the complaint in a primitive manner. In any other field of endeavor management would not waste time in crying their woes on the shoulder of an unresponsive and uninterested world. What would happen would be a vigorous search for cause and cure. There would be some brisk firing and hiring, with a few traditional methods kicked out the window and new and dramatic methods of sales and distribution utilized.

My heart does not bleed as I view the situation. There has been a rising tide of mechanical and other costs, it is true. This, however, is not exceptional in this imperfect but interesting world. A careful review of these costs fails to reveal any increase in royalties authors are supposed to enjoy. Nor has the size of advances increased. The cost of raw material has remained static. This has not occurred in any other field of manufacturing.

The publishers might take a tip from organized baseball. Winning

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teams shift their attack to meet competitive situations. They call in a relay of new players, adopt new strategy. If a player fails to produce, he is benched or sent to the minors. He doesn't belong at the top. When a manager fumbles, he is fired. It's a cold-blooded formula that rules out sentiment, that abhors tradition. But it wins games, it clinches pennants, pulls in the crowds. And it keeps the players and managers giving their best to every play.

Any author worth his royalty checks wants a healthy book-publishing business. Otherwise, we must turn to magazines for the blue chips we need for steaks and other essentials. A single magazine article often produces more in the way of return than a book—and the check comes at once.

If trade-book publishers desire to live and prosper, they must modernize, adopt the methods the gadget and gimcrack manufacturers have found successful.

I am not an important author. But, I'd like to see publishers adopt a big-league formula calculated to make publishing prosperous.

HARRY BOTSFORD.

New York, N. Y.

Transcending Credal Differences

SIR: To meet *idées fixes* either with facts or reason is of course waste motion. However, facts and reason remain valid despite their inefficacy against these constellations. . . . J. J. Jones [LETTERS, Nov. 12] cites certain rules of the Catholic Church as evidence that Catholics hate Protestants; they have of course no such motivation and no concomitance of hatred whatever. The obligation to love one's neighbor is absolute . . . at least for all who accept the New Testament. It does not carry with it, however, any obligation to love his wife, his creed, or his politics, as Mr. Jones appears to imagine. As a Protestant Mr. Jones presumably does not love the Catholic faith. Is he obligated therefore to hate Catholics? Not in common sense or logic, anyhow. Charity alone can transcend credal differences. It transcends them, it does not liquidate them. It could not liquidate them without liquidating conscience, and that would automatically liquidate charity, which is based on conscience, on duty to God. Mr. Jones seems to feel that the Church should post the motto of the Abbey of Theleme: "Do whatever you want to."

This simple creed has had its defenders other than Rabelais; it is not compatible, however, with belief in a divine revelation or in a divine command to teach it. Why anyone should see this fact as proof that Catholics hate Protestants is not easily to be grasped. Presumably, Mr. Jones loves his wife; presumably he would account anyone demented who saw in this fact proof that he hated all other women. He would call this an arrant *non sequitur*, and he would be right in so doing. His own *non sequiturs* are equally absurd, but he cannot see this; because for him they can be fitted into an advance emotional attitude too deep for rational scrutiny.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

Poetry. *The People, with a capital P, have never cared greatly for poetry with a capital P; but the lighthearted song, the story-telling ballad, and clear, direct emotional verse they have always taken to their hearts. Centuries ago wandering student singers chanted through Europe of taverns and girls, and their medieval songs have been lovingly Englished by Professor George F. Whicher, of Amherst (see below). In the past generation the hearty melodramatic ballads of Robert W. Service, such as "The Spell of the Yukon," were widely purchased, and finally even parodied brilliantly by Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Mr. Service's later songs are reviewed here. No long poem of recent years has been more popular than "The White Cliffs," by Alice Duer Miller," and now her large audience has an opportunity to sample her "Selected Poems," which also are appraised on the next page in this section.*

Medieval Lyrics and Satire

—From the book.

THE GOLIARD POETS: Mediaeval Songs and Satires. Translated by George F. Whicher. New York: New Directions. 303 *pp.* $7.50.

By BASIL DAVENPORT

THE Goliard Poets were wandering students and singers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, *Wandervögel* who roamed from Paris to Salamanca, from Oxford to Bologna, seeking knowledge, and, perhaps more than knowledge, freedom. And they found it in singular measure, enjoying the privileges of clerks, and yet in their songs not merely glorifying gluttony and gambling, wine and women, song and springtime, but often satirizing the clergy and parodying the great hymns of the Church. Like the hymns, most of their songs are in the new rhymed and accentual Latin; some in the old classical quantitative metres; a few in the leonine hexameters which are a mixture. Except perhaps under the total eclipse of the Third Reich, some of their songs have never ceased to be traditional *Studentenlieder* in Germany. Like the contemporary vernacular verse of the period, they are as fresh as a May morning—and as impersonal; one feels the singer's delight in taverns and his longing for a girl, if one does not often feel that a certain poet is in love with a certain girl, her and no other. But as a group they have a quite individual charm and freshness, and one which should make an especial appeal to our generation, which, in the plastic arts, so delights in the primitive quality we have lost.

George F. Whicher, of Amherst, has done us all a service by making available to the ordinary reader more of these lyrics and satires than, I believe, are to be found in any other volume. (Helen Waddell's incomparable "Mediaeval Latin Lyrics" contains a greater number of poems, but many of them are outside the Goliardic group). He has provided an illuminating introduction and notes which sum up all that is known and somewhat that is conjectured of the entire school, of groups of singers and manuscripts, and of mostly shadowy individual figures. He has given us the Latin poems interleaved with his own verse translations, usually in an imitation of the original metre. Indeed, "the fascination of what's difficult," the will-o'-the-wisp of many translators, has led him to remark cheerfully, of the leonine hexameter, "I doubt if this verse form can even be approximated in English, but that has not kept me from trying." And when one reads

Here in your court, sacred prince, garments so slovenly make red

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Cheeks full loath I can tell you with
girlish blushes to mantle,

and realizes that *sacred* and *make red, can tell* and *mantle* are rhymes, one must put the comment higher than the poem—though Tennyson approximated the form, by using the feminine caesura.

Indeed, it is a thankless task to criticize a book from which there is so much pleasure to be derived, but the translations are the weakest part of the service Mr. Whicher has done us. As above, he gets into difficulties through his forms—for example, he obviously strains to rhyme four lines together, where it would be the better part of valor to use two rhymes; and he constantly makes his authors a present of the wrong kind of modernization—not what they would say if they lived today (supposing that can be conjectured) but what they would say if they lived today and were saying something rather different. A single illustration must suffice:

Qui nos rodunt confundantur
Et cum iustis non scribantur

—"May they that sponge on us be confounded, and may their names not be inscribed with the just." This is, admittedly, not merely colloquial but slangy, in its use of *rodunt*, "gnaw," for "sponge on"; yet its point lies in the characteristic parody of an ecclesiastical curse. In Mr. Whicher's over-lively rendering,

They sponge on us? We treat? Not
much!
Good fellows, listen! *This is Dutch*—

whatever may be gained, *that* point is lost.

And yet, the Latin is so easy, with a word order like French or English, that it can be read with very little trouble, and Mr. Whicher is always at hand to help with the meaning of an unfamiliar word. For that, and for his compilation, we are his debtors.

"Only a Rhymer"

SONGS OF A SUN-LOVER. By Robert Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 184 pp. $2.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

CRITICAL judgment of a book of poems by Robert Service demands a strictly bardic and non-literary approach. Forty-two years ago he published "The Spell of the Yukon." Since then his ballads and narratives of the old country have been etched on the memory of thousands of men with the lust of life and the pulse of derring-do. Service is at his best as a story-teller, when he can describe physical action and violence with an economic and dramatic use of conversational language. He is not at his best as a lyric poet; many of the short poems in "Songs of a Sun-Lover" are feeble light verse and sentimental doggerel—mere typewriter exercises such as the opening quatrain of "My Dentist":

Sitting on the dentist's chair
Wishing that I wasn't there,
To forget and pass the time
I have made this bit of rhyme.

and the poem jingles onto this conclusion:

Sitting in the dental chair
Don't you wish you weren't there;
Well, your cup of woe to fill,
Just think of his infernal bill.

However discouraging the songs of daily trivia are, we are occasionally reminded of the narrative power of the author of "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and "The Lady Named Lou." His zest for dramatic rhyming is evidenced in "Wrestling Match," in which a young Italian and a seasoned Frenchman commit mayhem upon each other:

The boy from Rome was straight
and slim
And swift and springy as a bow;
The man from Metz was gaunt and
grim
But all the tricks he seemed to
know,
Twixt knee and calf with scissor
lock
He gripped the lad's arm like a
vice;
The prison hand went white as
chalk
And limp as death and cold as ice.

The poem ends with a reverie in which the poet considers the bestiality of the mob, crying for blood like spectators at a Roman arena. The afterthought is a mediocre bit of moralizing and weakens one of the better poems in this book.

There is a refreshing candor in Robert Service's "Pullman Porter," a poem about the man who recognizes him as the author of the famous Yukon narratives. Service recounts his personal delight at the recognition and offers to autograph a book or two for him. The porter, however, explains that as a boy he enjoyed the tale of Sam McGee and Dan McGrew, but now he says:

My Taste is Eliot and Auden.

Service never approaches the narrative scope or skill of Kipling, whom he admires, but there is something admirable about a bard who says:

Alas I am only a rhymer,
I don't know the meaning of art;
But I learned in my little school
primer
To love Eugene Field and Bret
Harte.
I hailed Hoosier Riley with
pleasure,
To John Hay I take off my hat;
These fellows were right to my
measure,
And I've never gone higher than
that.

Alice Duer Miller's Work

SELECTED POEMS. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Coward-McCann. 75 pp. $2.50.

By Sara Henderson Hay

ALICE DUER MILLER'S "Selected Poems" are gathered from the seven volumes which she published before her death in 1942. They include selections of her writings over a period of nearly forty years, from the early light but trenchant feminist poems which she published in her *New York Tribune* column, "Are Women People?," to the immensely popular and moving "The White Cliffs."

Mrs. Miller was a woman of spirit and enthusiasm and charm, she had humor and a gay, ironic wit; she also had a passionate sense of justice, coupled with generosity and pity, and these qualities are reflected in her work as a whole. It is the overall impression of her personality one gets from her book. Some of the earlier poems, however, are not individually very distinctive either in form or content. They say the usual things about life and love and spring and dreams in more or less the usual way; they are competent and graceful

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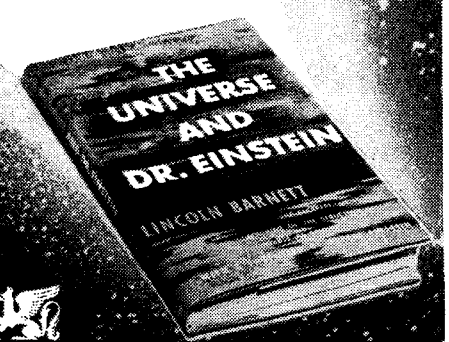

THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN

BY LINCOLN BARNETT. 5th PRINTING. $2.75

ALL BOOKSTORES. WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES, 119 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 19

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without being really distinguished. There are others, though, which strike a more truly personal and spontaneous note, and have that depth of emotion which was so evidenced in "The White Cliffs." "After a Quarrel," for example:

We have quarreled; ugly things
have been said,
Bitter things, in a tone controlled,
well bred,
Temperate; we weighed our words,
lest the lust
Of cruelty lose the edge of being
just.
We have quarreled over a trifle,
one of those trifles
That strike their roots to the very
heart of each. . . .
Oh, human creatures must quarrel,
my dear, I know;
But if we must, let's quarrel for
something great,
For something final and dangerous
—mastery, hate,
Freedom, or jealousy, virtue, death,
or life. . . .

and the poem called "Exile," which, questioning why men tremble at the thought of their dead returning, cries

. . . not so strange could any
spectre be
Or fall of footsteps on the empty
stair,
Or shapes discerned upon the
shadowy air,
As is this haunting sense of va-
cancy,
And your persisting absence every-
where.

The selections from Mrs. Miller's other narrative in verse, "Forsaking All Others," includes the poignant and unforgettable

What can you do with a woman's
things
After a woman is dead?
Not the bracelets and rings and
strings
Of pearls, but the small unvalued
things—
What can I do, Wayne said.

. . . . . .

What can you do with her brush
and comb,
After a woman is dead?
What in God's name can you do
with her home
And her loss and her love and her
brush and comb—
What can I do, Wayne said.

This is a slim volume, and would have been even slimmer, obviously, if some of the more trivial of her early poems had been omitted. But it would have been better. Those qualities which made Mrs. Miller's poetry speak to and for a great many people were at their best in her last two books. Her son, Denning Duer Miller, has written a foreword for the present volume.

NEW EDITIONS

HERMAN MELVILLE'S "The Confidence Man" (paper bound, $1.25) is the first volume of a series projected by the Grove Press, of New York City, with the avowed aim of making "available in inexpensive editions some of the books which are universally acknowledged landmarks in the topography of world literature, yet which remain, midway into twentieth-century America, unobtainable." This is a good start, for Melville's fantastic account of what went on aboard the Mississippi steamer *Fidèle* has been too little read since its first appearance in 1857, and has been generally underestimated by those who have read it. I cannot understand how Raymond Weaver, for example, could have declared, with this book at his elbow, that the best of the "Piazza Tales," written between 1853 and 1856, "show the last glow of Melville's literary glamour, the final momentary brightening of the embers before they sank into blackness and ash." The flame of genius was still burning high, if not steadily, in "The Confidence Man." It is a philosophical extravaganza, alive with Melville's unique humor, eloquent with his resounding rhetoric, and peopled by the originals and eccentrics of a great satirist, a great caricaturist, whose line is as individual as Rowlandson's or Daumier's. The book has been called unfinished, and perhaps it is; but Melville said in it what he set out to say, and succeeded as conspicuously as he had failed in "Pierre." It has baffled some critics, while it has encouraged others to attempt interpretation in terms of its author's biography. Yet it need not baffle, and no such interpretation is required. It is enough to follow the twists and turns of the protean Confidence Man, as he presses his philosophy on one fellow passenger after another; it is enough to follow the ceaseless struggle between suspicion and confidence, between greed and fear, in man's dealings with his fellow man aboard the Mississippi steamer, to understand Melville's view of humanity, circa 1856, and to delight intellectually in the manner of its presentation. There are, no doubt, readers who will say to Melville what he made Pitch say to the representative of the Philosophical Intelligence Office: "Ah, you are a talking man—what I call a wordy man. You talk, talk." But such readers do not deserve to step upon the deck of the *Fidèle*.

Readers of this department know all about the Peter Pauper Press, of Mount Vernon, New York. For years the proprietors of this press, Peter and Edna Beilenson, have been turning out books that are models of good taste and miracles of skilful, economical bookmaking, with almost never a false step in design. I have long marveled at their performance, and I still marvel as I handle five Peter Pauper newcomers, each with its decorative binding and slip-case, its delightful, appropriate illustrations, its typographical format in harmony with its literary substance—and its astonishing price. The five are Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son"; "Snow-Bound and other Poems," by Whittier; Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog and Other Stories and Sketches"; "Chinese Philosophy," consisting of the sayings of five sages ($2 per volume)—and an arrangement of selections from "The Koran" ($3.95). Anyone who finds nothing that pleases in this quintet should obtain the complete Peter Pauper list of some ninety volumes, which cannot fail to please. Most of these beautiful books cost little more than an elaborate Christmas card.

Some readers may discover grounds for optimism in this new edition of "Searchlights on Peace Plans" (Dutton, $7.50), by Edith Wynner and Georgia Lloyd, which summarizes plans for, and attempts at, the union of nations and world peace, from Ikhnaton (1375 B. C.?) down to Streit, Culbertson, and the United Nations; but I find it melancholy reading—a tragic monument to man's forever disappointed hopes—and can only smile sadly at the brisk, salesman's subtitle: "Choose Your Road to World Government." It is, however, a useful reference book, if we look in it for the past, not the future.

Rockwell Kent's illustrations conspicuously adorn two bulky volumes packed with good reading: "The Complete Works of Shakespeare," with a preface by Christopher Morley, and Boccaccio's "Decameron," translated by Richard Aldington (Garden City, $3.95 each). I find Kent's work in this field monotonous, but these well-printed books give more than full value for their price.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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THE PEARLS OF PUBLISHING—II

(Continued from page 21)

tion and bite. Critical estimates of her book have been too few in number. Review space, which alone can bring quality to the public's attention, has been negligible. On the other hand, much space and attention have been given, as usual, to historic charades and modern sex thrillers. I submit that genuine talent should not be displaced in favor of work which, at best, can be called nothing kinder than "commercial."

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "The Shame of the States," by Albert Deutsch, is a brilliant and able survey of the shocking conditions that prevail in our public mental hospitals. Mental illness is, as almost anyone seems to be aware nowadays, a major problem. But a general awareness of the problem and a knowledge of the actual facts as they exist are two different things. Books like the "Shame of the States" are calculated to shock readers out of the torpor into which they are lulled by such hackneyed phrases as "our number-one problem," shock them into a willingness to do something about it. It is unfortunate, then, that the reviewing media, whose duty it is to bring such books to the public's attention by giving them the space they deserve, too often see fit to neglect such important books, or to give them too little space. Albert Deutsch's book deserves another life, since the problem he discusses remains one of the most crucial of our day.

EILEEN J. GARRETT,
CREATIVE AGE PRESS.

Published by us: No complaints to register. With, of course, marginal deviations one way or the other, it really seems to me true that Crown books have received throughout 1949 pretty much the overall reception that they deserve.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "The Body," by William Sansom, received, as well as I can remember, fine reviews. Nevertheless, it didn't, I believe, get the widespread attention deserved. I think I would specify that the author deserved it rather than the book, for, while it is a good book, what is really astounding about it is the extraordinary promise that the author's virtuosity suggests. I know I shall be looking forward very eagerly to his next book.

HIRAM HAYDN,
CROWN PUBLISHERS.

Published by us: "Witch in the Mill," by Alfreda Marion Peel. Short stories of the Virginia mountain folk. Unusually well written, fascinating, hitherto unpublished folklore tales. Well reviewed where reviewed, but not reviewed widely enough to put it over. A virgin amount of material and a mighty attractive book.

Published by Rinehart & Co.: The second edition of "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen, was, I think, published the early part of this year. It was my *third* reading of the book—a book that to me is a real classic.

AUGUST DIETZ, JR.
THE DIETZ PRESS, INC.

Published by us: "Mirror of Your Mind," by Lawrence Gould, should have had a wider acceptance than it received because there's a real need for popular, sincere lessons in everyday psychology and everyday living. The book contains too much common sense about people and how they can behave more maturely in their relationship with one another for it to remain in the background. I think its true worth should be recognized.

Published by Beechhurst Press: "Why Men Hate," by Samuel Tenenbaum, is the best analysis of racial prejudice ever published. Scientific, authoritative, and excellently written. It's not a flop but should be a best seller.

FREDERICK FELL, INC.

Published by us: "Medicine on the March," by Marguerite Clark. Very good reviews—a needed book. Non-Fiction Book Club Selection.

Published by Harper & Bros.: "The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White. Fantastically and freshly entertaining.

FRANK EGNER,
FUNK & WAGNALLS.

Published by us: "The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White, is admittedly not a book for every reading taste but those of us here who like it for its odd and spirited blend of fancy and humor are convinced that there are fifteen or twenty thousand readers in the country who also would enjoy it. The sales, needless to say, fall far short of such figures.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty, has had superb critical notice but we understand the sales have been very disappointing. In our noisy business the genuine artists like Miss Welty are having to wait too long for a public.

JOHN FISCHER,
HARPER & BROS.

Published by us: "The Saracen's Head," by Osbert Lancaster, is a "children's book" which really should be read for pleasure by "children from eight to eighty."

Published by Bobbs-Merrill: People aren't reading "Again the Goose-step," by Delbert Clark, because they were told in the reviews that "it is a must book," but it is a mighty entertaining volume in addition to being informative. One chapter, "The Feet of Clay," is especially entertaining and informative.

GEORGE MACY,
HERITAGE PRESS.

Published by us: "Revolt in San Marcos," by Robert Carver North.

Published by William Sloane Assoc.: "The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch.

PAUL BROOKS,
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Published by us: Spencer Chapman's remarkable book, "The Jungle Is Neutral," hasn't begun to reach the wide audience that would relish it. When a large Midwestern paper reviewed it under the caption "How the Japs Took British at Singapore," it told over a million subscribers, "Don't buy it." Yet *The Saturday Review* said, "Read it for the good of your soul and the future security of our country." Midwest readers please note.

Published by Pantheon Books: "The Witness," a distinguished novel, sensitively written by the French writer Jean Bloch-Michel, seems to me to deserve a much wider audience than it has thus far reached. Praised by discriminating critics, ably advertised by its publishers, and combining the highest of literary standards along with its very personal theme, "The Witness" has a far broader appeal than has been the case.

STORER B. LUNT,
W. W. NORTON & CO., INC.

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Seeing Things

LOST IN THE STARS

MY COMPANION wept almost uncontrollably throughout the evening. So did the woman next to her. She, too, was moved, and deeply moved, by "Lost in the Stars."* At every performance of the play which Maxwell Anderson has derived from Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" there will be many whose hearts will be so torn that (to borrow a famous phrase of old Thomas Kyd's) their eyes will be "no eyes but fountains fraught with tears." Indeed, one person has already reported that she was made so happily unhappy by "Lost in the Stars" that she felt like dropping in at "Death of a Salesman" just to cheer herself up.

I envied my neighbors in the theatre. I envy those countless people who will be as carried away by what they see at the Music Box as I was when I read Mr. Paton's novel. I wanted to be moved. I did not enjoy being excluded. When the heart is an evening's target, your rightful wish is to have yours hit too. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba" is not a rewarding attitude. It becomes less so when you know all too well what the relationship really is. There was so much to admire in Kurt Weill's music, in the singing, the acting, and the staging that my detachment surprised me. It became a sorrow in itself.

At first I fancied the line of demarcation between the dry-eyed and the wet was a simple division of playgoers into those who had or had not read the book. Since then, however, I have learned that such an explanation, like most pat answers, is far too easy to be true. I have encountered many persons with an enthusiasm for "Cry, the Beloved Country" as deep-seated and abiding as my own who feel that "Lost in the Stars" does full justice to the spirit and the power of Mr. Paton's book.

As I say, I wish I could share such a feeling. I gratefully admit that Rouben Mamoulian's direction of this tale of parental loss and racial animosities in South Africa is as dynamic as was his handling of Catfish Row in "Porgy and Bess." I recognize the sweep and beauty of Mr. Weill's music. I realize how intelligent and forceful a performance Leslie Banks gives in the difficult and shadowy part of the British father whose son has been killed. I can only applaud the contagious charm of such a young and exuberant Negro actor as Herbert Coleman. I appreciate the effortless richness of Frank Roane's singing as the choral leader. I acknowledge that few settings of recent years have equaled George Jenkins's in their stunning powers of suggestion. I grant that Julian Mayfield, as the trapped Absalom, represents a triumph of felicitous casting. I concede that Todd Duncan, as his bewildered father, is the epitome of benevolence and sings with uncommon skill. And I am not unaware that Maxwell Anderson, writing with the deepest sympathy, has denied himself those indulgences in the ornate which often tempt him. Yet, even so, though I kept hoping for them, I missed behind the footlights those final qualities of radiance and simplicity which are so irresistible and unique a feature of Mr. Paton's novel.

As critics and readers have agreed, few contemporary books have been blessed with the virtues which distinguish "Cry, the Beloved Country." Its pages have an uncorrupted innocence. Something of the Bible's sonority is in them; something of its rhythm, too. Their statement of cruel circumstances and tragic wounds is wonderfully simple. The sweet music of a folk song is in Mr. Paton's prose, even though his story is composed of many interwoven themes.

Its contrasts are incessant. The comfortable, if uneasy, life of the rich whites in South Africa as opposed to the poverty of the Negroes; the unsmudged goodness of country people confronted with the corruptions of urban living; the deep-seated conflict of racial animosities as set against the anguish of two fathers, one white, one black, whose sufferings are the same when each loses his son; the irony of an Englishman's being inadvertently killed by a Zulu youth (the parson's boy) when this young white man has chosen to dedicate his life to the Negroes' cause; the faith of a believer shining amidst the cynicism of the unbelieving; the sneers of Shantytown delinquents employed as a foil to the spiritual growth of the preacher's son, who finds redemption by choosing to hang for a crime he never meant to commit; the present seething racial antagonisms of South Africa and the fervid hopes for a more decent future—these are among the varied materials which add to the richness of Mr. Paton's exceptionally moving and seemingly uncomplicated book.

NATURALLY, Mr. Anderson has had to omit characters, telescope scenes, sacrifice subleties, and skeletonize the story. He could scarcely have faced a more difficult assignment than trying to turn "Cry, the Beloved Country" into a play. If in his script he seems (to me, at least) at times to have made a sow's ear out of a silk purse, it is not because Mr. Anderson's writing lacks honesty or intensity. It is mainly because by the very nature of both the stage and Mr. Paton's novel a certain clumsiness has been thrust upon him.

One of the sources of the book's power is its indirection. Another is its understatement. It preaches without preaching, and is therefore the more convincing. Its compassion comes from within; it exists between the lines no less than in them. Its pages gain their warmth from unuttered thoughts, inward responses, and strong though often unphrased emotions. What makes Stephen Kumalo so persuasive a character is not what this Zulu parson says but what he feels. In the library ours is the illusion of having looked into his heart. On the stage we can only hear

—*Pix.*

Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks—"cruel circumstances and tragic wounds."

**LOST IN THE STARS, a musical tragedy, based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country." Words by Maxwell Anderson. Music by Kurt Weill. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Settings by George Jenkins. Presented by the Playwrights' Company. With a cast including Todd Duncan, Leslie Banks, Warren Coleman, Inez Matthews, Julian Mayfield, William Greaves, Frank Roane, Sheila Guyse, Herbert Coleman, etc. At the Music Box, New York City. Opened October 30, 1949.*

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MAE WEST
as "Diamond Lil"
PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

his words. This is a genuine loss, a loss because in the theatre incidents which once filled chapters have no other choice than to be reduced to captions.

"Lost in the Stars" fails in other ways to retain for me the dissolving yet lovely qualities of "Cry, the Beloved Country." Take, for example, Todd Duncan. As I have noted, his is a remarkable singing voice. He has a kind face too, illumined by something of that benevolence of spirit essential to the Reverend Kumalo. Yet to me, good actor though he is, he has little or no relationship to the parson Mr. Paton created. Although supposedly a simple fellow from the hills, Mr. Duncan's minister is very much a city man. He is sophisticated, not naive. He exudes prosperity rather than poverty. He is as neat and spruce in his well-cut gray suit as if he shepherded the richest of Anglican parishioners in the most fashionable of churches. If there is little about him of the old country parson described by Mr. Paton as wearing "black clothes . . . green with age" and a collar "brown with age or dirt," there is also nothing of the Zulu.

The staging raises another question. That Mr. Mamoulian has done a stunning, stylized job I have already admitted. In Mr. Anderson's fashion he, too, runs head-on into sizable, if not insoluble, problems. Unable to make use of Mr. Paton's narrative style, Mr. Mamoulian has had to reach inescapably for a theatrical substitute. What he offers is a treatment similar to that he employed unforgettably in "Porgy and Bess." Although his Negro choruses, carefully posed against the proscenium, are effective, they are far too studied to serve as equivalents for Mr. Paton's prose. His strivings for the simple are strangely elaborate. They are not art seeming to be artless, but art at its most deliberate, hence artful.

Admirable as the production of "Lost in the Stars" is, it was no doubt such aspects as these which I have touched upon that left me interested but unmoved. Mine, I am happy to emphasize, is a minority report. Only a few of my confreres appear to have shared my reservations. We, the dry-eyed, find ourselves in a position similar to Shaw's when an enthusiastic audience called him onto the stage at the conclusion of the first night of "Arms and the Man." There was one loud and resolute "Boo" from the balcony. Shaw's classic quip was, "My dear fellow, I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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from the forest, is as excellently conceived and drawn a character as any of Mr. Stewart's, save perhaps the protagonist of "Storm."

Previous novels on similar themes have been little more than boy-meets-girl romances in a fantastic setting; Mr. Stewart's fictive exploration of the theme is distinctly several cuts above its predecessors; it is a novel told with explicit deliberation, an excellent eye for the right detail, and a cumulative effect of power and faith in man's destiny.

Last Gray Gasp

EIGHT APRIL DAYS. By Scott Hart. New York: Coward-McCann. 188 *pp.* $2.50.

By JOHN COURNOS

THIS is a short but tremendously impressive novel dealing with the eight tragic days preceding Lee's surrender at Appomattox, in whose vicinity its action takes place. This is no pedestrian job, but an honest and, on the whole, successful attempt to describe creatively the spirit of the defeated in their last gasp of futile and gallant effort. Behind a façade of understatement we become aware of landscape, now significantly and breathlessly still, now alive with the voices of hungry stragglers or with the tumult of hosts of men in full retreat. The sense of desolation is utter.

Along this landscape of quiet and disquiet we see the movement of a wagon, bearing Old Pine, an immense and formidable woman, a sutler patriotic as you make them, and her man, Baker, small and less assured, but no coward when it comes to the final test of courage. They are joined by Piggy Biggs and his wagon; Biggs has goods to sell, and it's a good time to sell them; he thinks more of his money than he does of the success of the Confederacy. Captain Crosland comes into the picture; he is hurrying home to his farm in the neighborhood; he has not been there in years, and he longs to see his wife, Judith, a Northern woman, who in her loneliness in his absence has committed the one sin it is hard for a man to forgive. The man she committed it with was a Northerner. There is material for melodrama here, but Mr. Hart has raised his structure to a plane of subdued tragedy. The author's merit is

Out of a memorable novel
(CRY, the BELOVED COUNTRY)
has come a memorable musical drama
(Lost in the Stars)

"Out of a memorable novel has come a memorable musical drama . . . People who have not fallen under the sublime spell of the novel may not fully appreciate the multitudinous forces that are running headlong through this tragic story."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, *N. Y. Times*

•

"Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* was one of the most beautiful, moving and distinguished novels of recent years, a true modern classic of heartbreaking simplicity. To capture its austere biblical loveliness in a musical drama was a task of heroic proportions, and Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill have gone about it heroically."—RICHARD WATTS, *N. Y. Post Home News*

•

"*Lost in the Stars* captures a great deal of the poignance of Alan Paton's fine novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country,* upon which it is based . . . It is a colorful and soaring musical show. Let's be grateful for it."—WARD MOREHOUSE, *N. Y. Sun*

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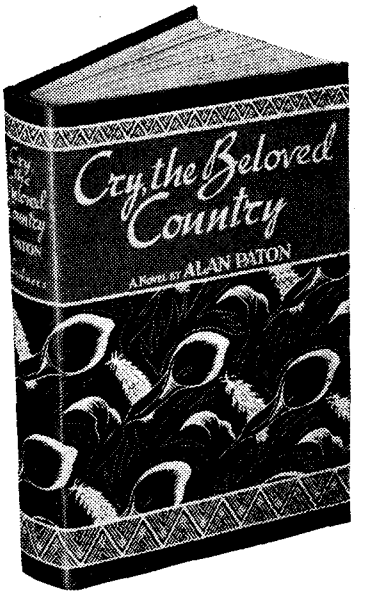
"The book has a way of leaving readers speechlessly enthusiastic, and not a little of this devoted awe is evident in the theatrical projection of the story."—WILLIAM HAWKINS, *N. Y. World-Telegram*



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that he prefers verisimilitude to "effects." Hence, there is a memorable reality about Old Pine who, for all her sturdy gruffness and patriotism, can be all solicitude for the guilty Judith; about Crosland, too, who accepts the pathos of the South's defeat and the bitterness of his own situation with helpless resignation.

This atmosphere of reality is what makes this novel, hardly more than a short story, so impressive. It is reasonable to expect a full-fledged American historical novel from Mr. Hart's pen which shall make other works seem artificial and puerile.

Fiction Notes

GYPSY SIXPENCE, by Edison Marshall. New York: Farrar, Straus. 371 pp. $3. The fictionizing of great men's lives is a questionable practice, since it is impossible, except for the specialist, to know where fact ends and fiction begins. It must be admitted, however, in the case of "Gypsy Sixpence," that its author has done his job so well as a story-teller that the reader actually soon forgets that the theme is borrowed from the biography of Richard Burton, the noted British explorer, adventurer, and translator of "The Arabian Nights." If only other biographical novelists could somehow transmute their material so skilfully!

According to good authority, there was gypsy blood in Burton's veins. He has been described as "wild and resentful, essentially vagabond, intolerant of convention and restraint." It is this aspect of his character that the author stresses in his creation of Romulus Brook. Rom, as he is called throughout the novel, had in his half-brother Gerald a wholly conventional half-brother, who had had all the education and training which a high-born Englishman enjoyed and he promised to go high in the military service in British India. Rom entered the same service in not so important a position, but he distinguished himself far more signally both as a soldier and as an intelligence officer.

The trouble started when Sukey, "the Colonel's daughter," appeared on the scene and danced a wild Hungarian dance with Rom, binding him to her forever. The story is intelligently conceived and superbly told.

GOD WEARS A BOW TIE, by Lyle Stuart. Greenberg. $2.50. This novel about Broadway show business is not literature, but it is extremely readable. Much of it is in the vernacular, and some of it is profane; all of it is frank. The author, who appears to know his Broadway inside out, makes us happy that we are not in the show business, and he is singularly convincing that it is altogether a shoddy and shady racket deserving exposure.

Here we have the story of Larry Stark, a young publicity man who has still some decent feelings left. Engaged as a reporter on a weekly newspaper whose ostensible function is to publish news about popular song writers, show people, and the like, but whose real purpose is to put money into editor Pidgeon Ellis's pocket, Larry soon becomes acquainted with all the dirt behind the scenes. He takes in his stride a little world inhabited by moneyed but tawdry people, vulgar exploiters of small but popular talents, nymphomaniacs, dope addicts, drunkards. Larry, however, has a niceish girl friend who is outraged by his job and all it involves. In the end she provokes him into starting a revolt among music publishers against Pidgeon, the god who wears a bow tie.

MAGNOLIA WIDOW, by Mannix Walker. Dodd, Mead. $3. This is the story of Mrs. Octavia Bundy, who, when her husband died, developed an apathy towards life. She lived in Propensity Lodge, a house with countless rooms going to rack and ruin because of her indifference, whose only other occupants were Mitty Brown, who loved parties and couldn't have them, and the colored woman servant Chickahominy, who slept just outside Octavia's door to give her "a feeling of security." Octavia had one dear and close friend, Aurora McPeople. Rory was a character, and no mistake, and her word was law with Octavia, though not even Rory could prevail upon her to change her apathetic ways.

Then upon this scene came Harvey Jones, who had an important position in a bank, and who was clever and determined. Using his best wiles, he induced her to take him as a boarder. Thenceforth he sought to influence the widow to renovate her house, furniture, and garden which was growing wild with weeds around the magnolia trees. Though the setting of this tale is artificial, it is not without a certain charm and humor.

IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT, by Lewis Arnold. Dodd, Mead. $3. That a man may be blind physically, but clear-sighted as to love, would seem to be the moral of this tale. Alan Folsworth, blinded in the crash of his plane, was the son of a peer of England, a renowned judge. Plunged into darkness by his accident, though not without hope of resumed sight, he retired with his servant into the country, where he managed to record his feelings on a writing frame.

While taking walks in the country he heard a girl singing. Her voice and music were so strange, so new, so beautiful that Alan was wholly captivated. He was soon in love with Rita Harland, and told her so. He was astonished by her reluctance to his presence, which she avoided, though not withholding her kindness. It was only gradually, from a priest, who appointed himself a sort of protector to Rita, that he learned of her unhappy past which impeded their marriage. But Alan was true in his love, too sure of his perceptions, which were better than sight, to be put off. This is the story of his thoughts and feelings while trying to resolve a difficult situation. A readable story not without merit, with appeal for lovers of sentimental fiction.

—JOHN COURNOS.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 817)

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One of my monographs is titled "Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Variegated Tobaccos" . . . . If you can say definitely . . . that some murder had been done by a man who was smoking Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your search.

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John Mason Brown

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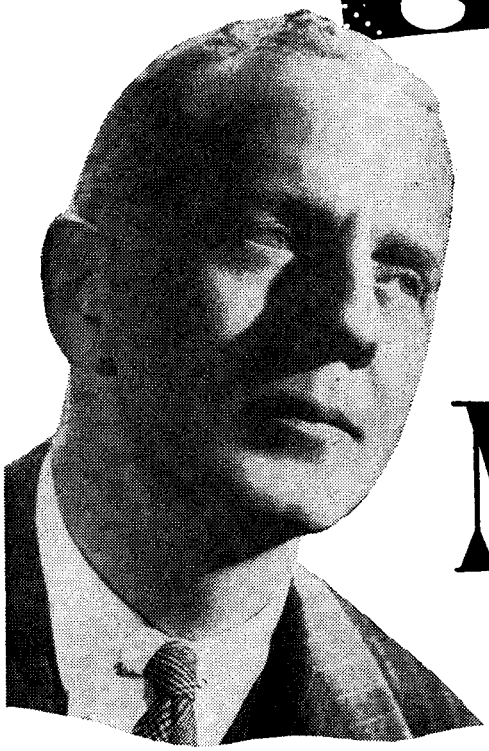

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NOTES FOR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(*Continued from page 12*)

even more generally concerning the electromagnetic foundation of physics?

Before I take this up I must briefly mention a number of investigations which relate to the Brownian motion and related objects (fluctuation-phenomena) and which in essence rest upon classical molecular mechanics. Not acquainted with the earlier investigations of Boltzmann and Gibbs, which had appeared earlier and actually exhausted the subject, I developed the statistical mechanics and the molecular-kinetic theory of thermodynamics which was based on the former. My major aim in this was to find facts which would guarantee as much as possible the existence of atoms of definite finite size.

In the midst of this I discovered that, according to atomistic theory, there would have to be a movement of suspended microscopic particles open to observation, without knowing that observations concerning the Brownian motion were already long familiar. The simplest derivation rested upon the following consideration. If the molecular-kinetic theory is essentially correct, a suspension of visible particles must possess the same kind of osmotic pressure fulfilling the laws of gases as a solution of molecules. This osmotic pressure depends upon the actual magnitude of the molecules, *i.e.*, upon the number of molecules in a gramequivalent. If the density of the suspension is inhomogeneous, the osmotic pressure is inhomogeneous, too, and gives rise to a compensating diffusion, which can be calculated from the well-known mobility of the particles. This diffusion can, on the other hand, also be considered as the result of the random displacement—unknown in magnitude originally—of the suspended particles due to thermal agitation. By comparing the amounts obtained for the diffusion current from both types of reasoning one reaches quantitatively the statistical law for those displacements, *i.e.*, the law of the Brownian motion. The agreement of these considerations with experience together with Planck's determination of the true molecular size from the law of radiation (for high temperatures) convinced the skeptics, who were quite numerous at that time (Ostwald, Mach), of the reality of atoms. The antipathy of these scholars towards atomic theory can indubitably be traced back to their positivistic philosophical attitude.

This is an interesting example of the fact that even scholars of audacious spirit and fine instinct can be obstructed in the interpretation of facts by philosophical prejudices. The prejudice—which has by no means died out in the meantime—consists in the faith that facts by themselves can and should yield scientific knowledge without free conceptual construction. Such a misconception is possible only because one does not easily become aware of the free choice of such concepts, which, through verification and long usage, appear to be immediately connected with the empirical material.

REFLECTIONS of this type made it clear to me as long ago as shortly after 1900, *i.e.*, shortly after Planck's trail-blazing work, that neither mechanics nor thermodynamics could (except in limiting cases) claim exact validity. By and by I despaired of the possibility of discovering the true laws by means of constructive efforts based on known facts. The longer and the more despairingly I tried, the more I came to the conviction that only the discovery of a universal formal principle could lead us to assured results. The example I saw before me was thermodynamics. The general principle was there given in the theorem: the laws of nature are such that it is impossible to construct a *perpetuum mobile* (of the first and second kind). How, then, could such a universal principle be found? After ten years of reflection such a principle resulted from a paradox upon which I had already hit at the age of sixteen: if I pursue a beam of light with the velocity *c* (velocity of light in a vacuum), I should observe such a beam of light as a spatially oscillatory electromagnetic field at rest. However, there seems to be no such thing, whether on the basis of experience or according to Maxwell's equations. From the very beginning it appeared to me intuitively clear that, judged from the standpoint of such an observer, everything would have to happen according to the same laws as for an observer who, relative to the earth, was at rest. For how, otherwise, should the first observer know, *i.e.*, be able to determine, that he is in a state of fast uniform motion?

One sees that in this paradox the

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE GILBERT & SULLIVAN

L. L. Emery, of Durham Center, Conn., submits quotations in which various G & S characters identify themselves in songs or remarks. Can you also identify them? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 46.

1. "I am a mad wag—the merriest dog that barks."
2. "I am in reasonable health, and happy to meet you all once more."
3. "I think I am sufficiently decayed."
4. "I'm an everyday young man."
5. "I'm afraid I'm not equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation."
6. "I am a maiden, cold and stately."
7. "A king of autocratic power we."
8. "I can trick you into learning with a laugh."
9. "I am an intellectual chap."
10. "I can write a washing bill in Babylonic cuneiform."
11. "Ah! bitter is my lot!"
12. "To indulge my lamentation no occasion do I miss."
13. "I smoke like a furnace, I'm always in liquor."
14. "The lark and the clerk, I remark, comfort me not."
15. "I always eat peas with a knife."
16. "My nature is love and light."
17. "I was born sneering."
18. "I once was as meek as a new-born lamb."
19. "I'm the slave of the gods, neck and heels."
20. "I find my duty hard to do today."
21. "I went to the bar as a very young man."
22. "And many a burglar I've restored to his friends and his relations."
23. "I respect your Republican fallacies."
24. "I can tell a woman's age in half a minute."
25. "I do not care for dirty greens, by any means."

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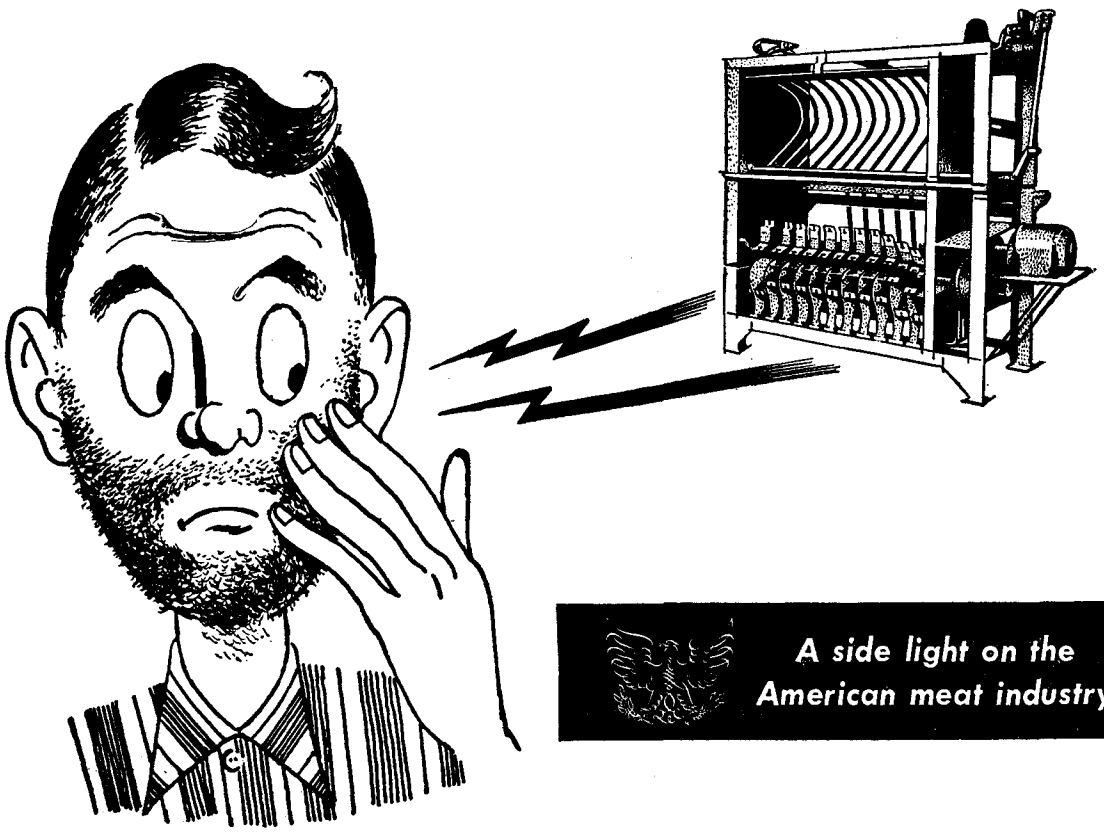

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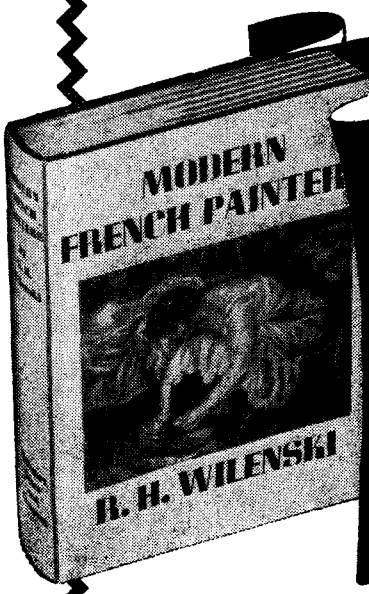

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germ of the special relativity theory is already contained. Today everyone knows, of course, that all attempts to clarify this paradox satisfactorily were condemned to failure as long as the axiom of the absolute character of time, *viz.*, of simultaneity, unrecognizedly was anchored in the unconscious. Clearly to recognize this axiom and its arbitrary character really implies already the solution of the problem. The type of critical reasoning which was required for the discovery of this central point was decisively furthered, in my case especially, by the reading of David Hume's and Ernst Mach's philosophical writings.

ONE had to understand clearly what the spatial coordinates and the temporal duration of events meant in physics. The physical interpretation of the spatial coordinates presupposed a fixed body of reference, which, moreover, had to be in a more or less definite state of motion (inertial system). In a given inertial system the coordinates meant the results of certain measurements with rigid (stationary) rods. (One should always be conscious of the fact that the presupposition of the existence in principle of rigid rods is a presupposition suggested by approximate experience, but which is, in principle, arbitrary.) With such an interpretation of the spatial coordinates the question of the validity of Euclidean geometry becomes a problem of physics.

If, then, one tries to interpret the time of an event analogously, one needs a means for the measurement of the difference in time (in itself determined periodic process realized by a system of sufficiently small spatial extension). A clock at rest relative to the system of inertia defines a local time. The local times of all space points taken together are the "time," which belongs to the selected system of inertia, if a means is given to "set" these clocks relative to each other. One sees that *a priori* it is not at all necessary that the "times" thus defined in different inertial systems agree with one another. One would have noticed this long ago, if, for the practical experience of everyday life light did not appear (because of the high value of c), as the means for the statement of absolute simultaneity.

The presupposition of the existence (in principle) of (ideal, *viz.*, perfect) measuring rods and clocks is not independent of each other; since a lightsignal, which is reflected back and forth between the ends of a rigid rod, constitutes an ideal clock, provided that the postulate of the

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constancy of the light-velocity in vacuum does not lead to contradictions.

The above paradox may then be formulated as follows. According to the rules of connection, used in classical physics, of the spatial coordinates and of the time of events in the transition from one inertial system to another the two assumptions of

(1) the constancy of the light velocity

(2) the independence of the laws (thus specially also of the law of the constancy of the light velocity) of the choice of the inertial system (principle of special relativity)

are mutually incompatible (despite the fact that both taken separately are based on experience).

The insight which is fundamental for the special theory of relativity is this: the assumptions (1) and (2) are compatible if relations of a new type ("Lorentz-transformation") are postulated for the conversion of coordinates and the times of events. With the given physical interpretation of coordinates and time, this is by no means merely a conventional step, but implies certain hypotheses concerning the actual behavior of moving measuring-rods and clocks, which can be experimentally validated or disproved.

The universal principle of the special theory of relativity is contained in the postulate: the laws of physics are invariant with respect to the Lorentz-transformations (for the transition from one inertial system to any other arbitrarily chosen system of inertia). This is a restricting principle for natural laws, comparable to the restricting principle of the non-existence of the *perpetuum mobile* which underlies thermodynamics.

First a remark concerning the relation of the theory to "four-dimensional space." It is a widespread error that the special theory of relativity is supposed to have, to a certain extent, first discovered, or at any rate, newly introduced, the four-dimensionality of the physical continuum. This, of course, is not the case. Classical mechanics, too, is based on the four-dimensional continuum of space and time. But in the four-dimensional continuum of classical physics the subspaces with constant time value have an absolute reality, independent of the choice of the reference system. Because of this [fact], the four-dimensional continuum falls naturally into a three-dimensional and a one-dimensional (time), so that the four-dimensional

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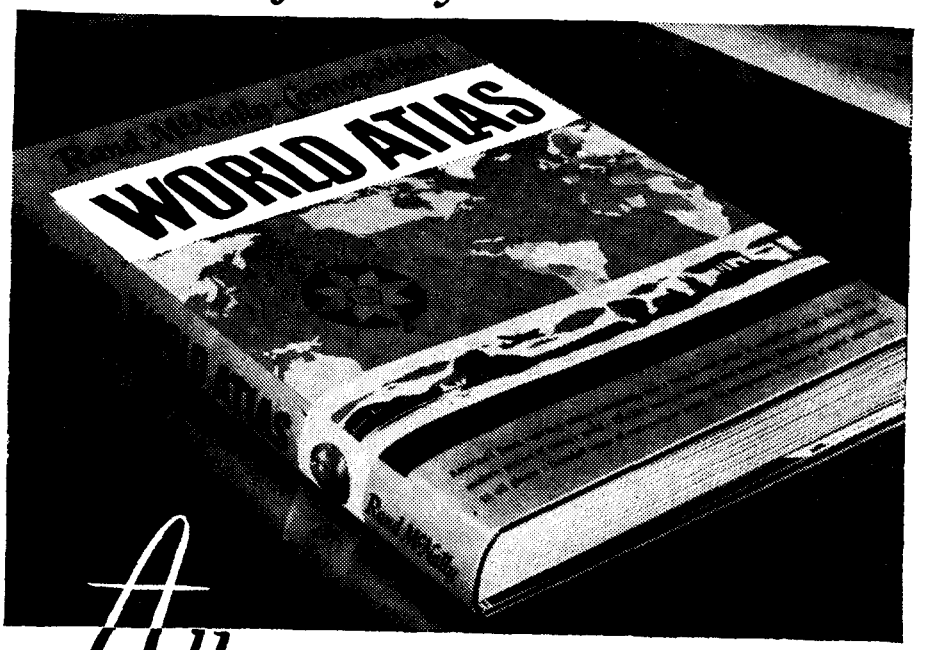

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point of view does not force itself upon one as *necessary.* The special theory of relativity, on the other hand, creates a formal dependence between the way in which the spatial coordinates, on the one hand, and the temporal coordinates, on the other, have to enter into the natural laws.

MINKOWSKI'S important contribution to the theory lies in the following: before Minkowski's investigation it was necessary to carry out a Lorentz-transformation on a law in order to test its invariance under such transformations; he, on the other hand, succeeded in introducing a formalism such that the mathematical form of the law itself guarantees its invariance under Lorentz-transformations. By creating a four-dimensional tensor-calculus he achieved the same thing for the four-dimensional space which the ordinary vector-calculus achieves for the three spatial dimensions. He also showed that the Lorentz-transformation (apart from a different algebraic sign due to the special character of time) is nothing but a rotation of the coordinate system in the four-dimensional space.

First, a remark concerning the theory as it is characterized above. One is struck [by the fact] that the theory (except for the four-dimensional space) introduces two kinds of physical things, *i.e.,* (1) measuring rods and clocks, (2) all other things, *e.g.,* the electro-magnetic field, the material point, etc. This, in a certain sense, is inconsistent; strictly speaking measuring rods and clocks would have to be represented as solutions of the basic equations (objects consisting of moving atomic configurations), not, as it were, as theoretically self-sufficient entities. However, the procedure justifies itself because it was clear from the very beginning that the postulates of the theory are not strong enough to deduce from them sufficiently complete equations for physical events sufficiently free from arbitrariness, in order to base upon such a foundation a theory of measuring rods and clocks. If one did not wish to forego a physical interpretation of the coordinates in general (something which, in itself, would be possible), it was better to permit such inconsistency—with the obligation, however, of eliminating it at a later stage of the theory. But one must not legalize the mentioned sin so far as to imagine that intervals are physical entities of a special type, intrinsically different from other physical variables ("reducing physics to geometry," etc.).

We now shall inquire into the insights of definite nature which phys-

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ics owes to the special theory of relativity.

(1) There is no such thing as simultaneity of distant events; consequently there is also no such thing as immediate action at a distance in the sense of Newtonian mechanics. Although the introduction of actions at a distance, which propagate with the speed of light, remains thinkable, according to this theory, it appears unnatural; for in such a theory there could be no such thing as a reasonable statement of the principle of conservation of energy. It therefore appears unavoidable that physical reality must be described in terms of continuous functions in space. The material point, therefore, can hardly be conceived any more as the basic concept of the theory.

(2) The principles of the conservation of momentum and of the conservation of energy are fused into one single principle. The inert mass of a closed system is identical with its energy, thus eliminating mass as an independent concept.

Remark. The speed of light c is one of the quantities which occurs as "universal constant" in physical equations. If, however, one introduces as unit of time instead of the second the time in which light travels 1 cm, c no longer occurs in the equations. In this sense one could say that the constant c is only an *apparently* universal constant.

It is obvious and generally accepted that one could eliminate two more universal constants from physics by introducing, instead of the gram and the centimeter, properly chosen "natural" units (for example, mass and radius of the electron).

If one considers this done, then only "dimension-less" constants could occur in the basic equations of physics. Concerning such I would like to state a theorem which at present cannot be based upon anything more than upon a faith in the simplicity, *i.e.*, intelligibility, of nature: there are no *arbitrary* constants of this kind; that is to say, nature is so constituted that it is possible logically to lay down such strongly determined laws that within these laws only rationally completely determined constants occur (not constants, therefore, whose numerical value could be changed without destroying the theory).

The special theory of relativity owes its origin to Maxwell's equations of the electromagnetic field. Inversely the latter can be grasped formally in satisfactory fashion only by way of the special theory of relativity. Maxwell's equations are the simplest Lorentz-invariant field equations

How to win fiends . . .

WOULD you like to make a lot of money without working? Win the heart of a lady? Murder your landlord? Cure the bellyache? All these things would have been possible if you had lived in 400 A.D. and owned a book called *The Testament of Solomon*, learned how to use it — and weren't afraid of the consequences!

Professor Butler (probably the world's leading authority on the Faust legend) describes this curious work, which became The Black Bible of magicians for many centuries. Purporting to be the autobiography of King Solomon himself, this Handbook to Hell told how Solomon summoned up all the demons and wrested the secrets of their powers from them. One by one they appeared; besides the redoubtable Beelzeboul, there were Ornias, an incubus of a most sinister sort; Oneskelis, a succubus; the proud and disdainful Asmodeus, who prevents marriages and incites to adultery; the fearful Obizuth, all head and no limbs, who strangles and slaughters babes and children . . .

No coward, Solomon got the whip-hand on them right away, and not only forced them to cut marble for his Temple, but eventually buried a number of them at the bottom of the sea. Furthermore he forced each one to reveal the name of the angel who could confound him.

"The third said: 'I am called Arôtosael. *I do harm to eyes, and grievously injure them. Only let me hear the words,* "Uriel, *imprison* Arôtosael," *at once I retreat . . .*
"And the ninth said: 'I am called Kurtâel. *I send colics in the bowels. I induce pains. If I hear the words,* "Iaôthe, *imprison* Kurtâel," *I at once retreat.' . . ."*

With the secrets of Solomon at his command, a magician was obviously in a position to master all the spirits that flit like shadows through the universe; could obtain the services of the angels, perform the most astounding deeds. The reading of books like *The Testament of Solomon* led to the downfall of Faust.

In RITUAL MAGIC Professor E. M. Butler has examined all the most important of these half-forgotten texts, and has unearthed the strange and frequently bloody tales of the men who wrote them, or who tried to win power by using them. Here is the strange tale of Benvenuto Cellini, who dabbled in magic and ended by deluding himself; of Madame de Montespan, who submitted to degrading rites in order to hold the waning affections of Louis XIV — and when she failed, tried to poison him and her rival Louise de Fontages; of the Great Lover, Casanova, who varied his amours with conjuring and who so frightened himself during one incantation that he neglected to seduce the lovely girl who was assisting him . . . Here are the great magicians such as Cagliostro, who ran afoul of the Inquisition and ended his life in a dungeon; Schröpfer, who won fame and riches as a necromancer but killed himself in remorse; Gilles de Rais, who became known as the Bluebeard of Orleans for his bloody experiments . . .

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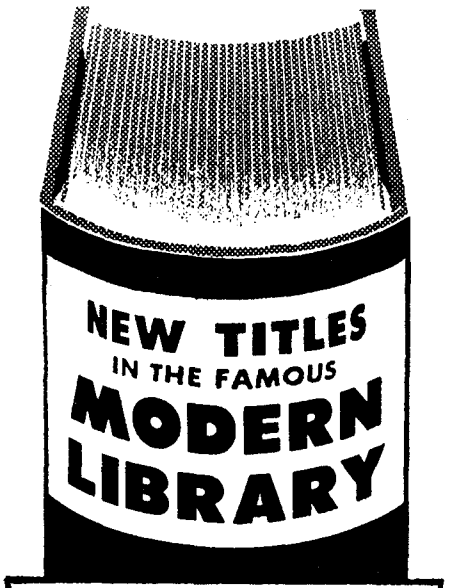

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which can be postulated for an antisymmetric tensor derived from a vector field. This in itself would be satisfactory, if we did not know from quantum phenomena that Maxwell's theory does not do justice to the energetic properties of radiation. But how Maxwell's theory would have to be modified in a natural fashion, for this even the special theory of relativity offers no adequate foothold. Also to Mach's question: "How does it come about that inertial systems are physically distinguished above all other coordinate systems?" this theory offers no answer.

That the special theory of relativity is only the first step of a necessary development became completely clear to me only in my efforts to represent gravitation in the framework of this theory. In classical mechanics, interpreted in terms of the field, the potential of gravitation appears as a *scalar* field (the simplest theoretical possibility of a field with a single component). Such a scalar theory of the gravitational field can easily be made invariant under the group of Lorentz-transformations. The following program appears natural, therefore: the total physical field consists of a scalar field (gravitation) and a vector field (electromagnetic field); later insights may eventually make necessary the introduction of still more complicated types of fields; but to begin with one did not need to bother about this.

The possibility of the realization of this program was, however, dubious from the very first, because the theory had to combine the following things:

(1) From the general considerations of special relativity theory it was clear that the *inert* mass of a physical system increases with the total energy (therefore, *e.g.*, with the kinetic energy).

(2) From very accurate experiments (specially from the torsion balance experiments of Eötvös) it was empirically known with very high accuracy that the gravitational mass of a body is exactly equal to its *inert* mass.

It followed from (1) and (2) that the *weight* of a system depends in a precisely known manner on its total energy. If the theory did not accomplish this or could not do it naturally, it was to be rejected. The condition is most naturally expressed as follows: the acceleration of a system falling freely in a given gravitational field is independent of the nature of the falling system (specially therefore also of its energy content).

It then appeared that in the framework of the program sketched this elementary state of affairs could not at all or at any rate not in any natural fashion, be represented in a satisfactory way. This convinced me that within the frame of the special theory of relativity there is no room for a satisfactory theory of gravitation.

Now it came to me: the fact of the equality of inert and heavy mass, *i.e.*, the fact of the independence of the gravitational acceleration of the nature of the falling substance, may be expressed as follows: in a gravitational field (of small spatial extension) things behave as they do in a space free of gravitation, if one introduces in it, in place of an "inertial system," a reference system which is accelerated relative to an inertial system.

If then one conceives of the behavior of a body, in reference to the latter reference system, as caused by a "real" (not merely apparent) gravitational field, it is possible to regard this reference system as an "inertial system" with as much justification as the original reference system.

So, if one regards as possible, gravitational fields of arbitrary extension which are not initially restricted by spatial limitations, the concept of the "inertial system" becomes completely empty. The concept, "acceleration relative to space," then loses every meaning and with it the principle of inertia together with the entire paradox of Mach.

The fact of the equality of inert and heavy mass thus leads quite naturally to the recognition that the basic demand of the special theory of relativity (invariance of the laws under Lorentz-transformations) is too narrow, *i.e.*, that an invariance of the laws must be postulated also relative to *non-linear* transformations of the coordinates in the four-dimensional continuum.

This happened in 1908. Why were another seven years required for the construction of the general theory of relativity? The main reason lies in the fact that it is not so easy to free oneself from the idea that coordinates must have an immediate metrical meaning. The transformation took place in approximately the following fashion.

We start with an empty, field-free space, as it occurs—related to an inertial system—in the sense of the special theory of relativity, as the simplest of all imaginable physical situations. If we now think of a non-inertial system introduced by assuming that the new system is uniformly

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accelerated against the inertial system (in a three-dimensional description) in one direction (conveniently defined), then there exists with reference to this system a static parallel gravitational field. The reference system may thereby be chosen as rigid, of Euclidian type, in three-dimensional metric relations. But the time, in which the field appears as static, is *not* measured by *equally constituted* stationary clocks. From this special example one can already recognize that the immediate metric significance of the coordinates is lost if one admits non-linear transformations of coordinates at all. To do the latter is, however, *obligatory* if one wants to do justice to the equality of gravitational and inert mass by means of the basis of the theory, and if one wants to overcome Mach's paradox as concerns the inertial systems.

If, then, one must give up the attempt to give the coordinates an immediate metric meaning (differences of coordinates = measurable lengths, *viz.*, times), one will not be able to avoid treating as equivalent all coordinate systems, which can be created by the continuous transformations of the coordinates.

The general theory of relativity, accordingly, proceeds from the following principle: natural laws are to be expressed by equations which are covariant under the group of continuous coordinate transformations. This group replaces the group of the Lorentz-transformations of the special theory of relativity, which forms a sub-group of the former.

If anything in the theory as sketched—apart from the demand of the invariance of the equations under the group of the continuous coordinate-transformations—can possibly make the claim to final significance, then it is the theory of the limiting case of the pure gravitational field and its relation to the metric structure of space. For this reason, in what immediately follows we shall speak only of the equations of the pure gravitational field.

The peculiarity of these equations lies, on the one hand, in their complicated construction, especially their non-linear character as regards the field-variables and their derivatives, and, on the other hand, in the almost compelling necessity with which the transformation-group determines this complicated field-law. If one had stopped with the special theory of relativity, *i.e.*, with the invariance under the Lorentz-group, then the field-law $R_{ik} = 0$ would remain invariant also within the frame of this narrower group. But from the point

What Was the Original BONFIRE?

IN the Middle Ages, when wars and pestilence ravaged England, fires for the burning of corpses were an everyday necessity. *Bonefires* (fires of bone) they were called. Later, when the custom of burning heretics at the stake became common, *bonefires* was the name applied to the pyres of these victims. The same term was used to designate the burning of symbols of heresy or other proscribed articles. Later, its meaning extended to open-air fires for public demonstrations or sports—but by this time in the less gruesome spelling *bonfire*, which today is a comparatively harmless word despite its grim history.

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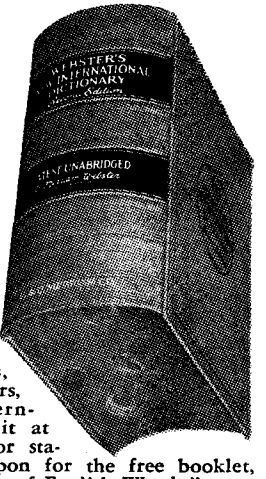

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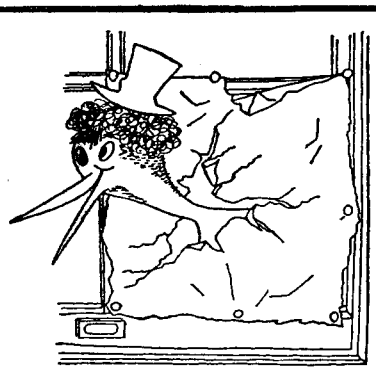

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of view of the narrower group there would at first exist no reason for representing gravitation by so complicated a structure as is represented by the symmetric tensor g_{ik}. If, nonetheless, one would find sufficient reasons for it, there would then arise an immense number of field-laws out of quantities g_{ik}, all of which are covariant under Lorentz-transformations (not, however, under the general group). However, even if, of all the conceivable Lorentz-invariant laws, one had accidentally guessed precisely the law which belongs to the wider group, one would still not be on the plane of insight achieved by the general principle of relativity. For, from the standpoint of the Lorentz-group two solutions would incorrectly have to be viewed as physically different from each other, if they can be transformed into each other by a non-linear transformation of coordinates, *i.e.*, if they are, from the point of view of the wider field, only different representations of the same field.

I must take a stand with reference to the most successful physical theory of our period, *viz.*, the statistical quantum theory which, about twenty-five years ago, took on a consistent logical form (Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Dirac, Born). This is the only theory at present which permits a unitary grasp of experiences concerning the quantum character of micro-mechanical events. This theory, on the one hand, and the theory of relativity on the other, are both considered correct in a certain sense, although their combination has resisted all efforts up to now. This is probably the reason why among contemporary theoretical physicists there exist entirely differing opinions concerning the question as to how the theoretical foundation of the physics of the future will appear. Will it be a field theory; will it be in essence a statistical theory? I shall briefly indicate my own thoughts on this point.

Physics is an attempt conceptually to grasp reality as it is thought independently of its being observed. In this sense one speaks of "physical reality." In pre-quantum physics there was no doubt as to how this was to be understood. In Newton's theory reality was determined by a material point in space and time; in Maxwell's theory, by the field in space and time. In quantum mechanics it is not so easily seen.

This exposition has fulfilled its purpose if it shows the reader how the efforts of a life hang together and why they have led to expectations of a definite form.

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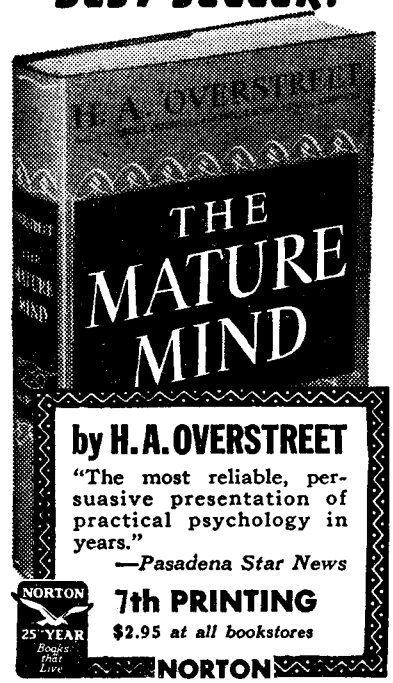

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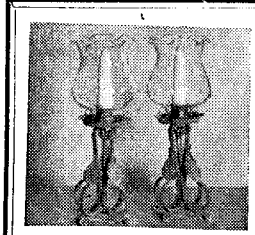

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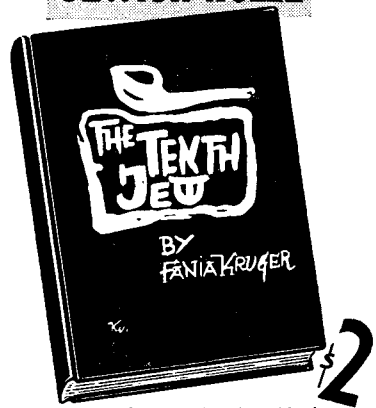

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POVERTY

BEYOND the heights
Where the pavement ends and dust begins,
Lives Poverty in seven shacks.
Creditor to her neighbor,
Stepmother to her children,
Despised and despiser.
The hag of the matted hair,
Blue-veined hands
And elbows like roosters' spurs,
Sips the porridge of inertia
From the tin spoon of resignation.

In the bright and dark of the moon,
In the cloud-blinded and gold-clear sun,
Poverty can be seen from every direction—
But not by the inhabitants of the heights.
For if they look down the bridge of their noses,
All they can see is the curl of their upper lips.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

The following fascinates me. It is not jabber-wocky, but correct according to Webster. The author's name, too, seems to blend. The other day we found a dead mole on the garden path, prey to a cat. Hence:

MOLE

As the didapper questions the mole-fume,*
Far from dabchick or other small grebe,
The gears of the day, disengaging,
Enmesh the malaise of the glebe.

But careless of bird-quest, the delver,
The mole with controllable glands
Makes fume as he fondles the wortroot,
Grows manic as foxglove† demands.

Let bird-flourish‡ curdle the ether,
Let pistils importune the star;
Oh desman with forefeet fossorial,
Dredge sooth from the soil that you are!

—S. TALP FELKER.

* * *

It has come to my attention that a modest book priced at one simoleon and purporting to be by the initialed authors W. R. B. and C. M. is a gallimaufry of gambols worthy of the one-buck expenditure. It is "breathed through" that the publisher responsible for this mysterious hanaper of haps (soon to be marketed) is one Louis Greenfield of 45 E. 17th St., New York 3, N. Y., to whom should be addressed all correspondence concerning this forthcoming collectors' item. Further deponent saith not, save that an eminent ex-historian of literature has written for it a surpassing preface over the signature "Cuckoo," inasmuch as the text of this poetry package is laid to the joint efforts of a pigeon and a dove! Yes, the contents is verse, veritably a nosegay of the most singular—and some disturbing—conceits. *Exit atiptoe!*

* Odor emitted, as from flowers.
† Yields the important drug digitalis.
‡ Boast, vaunt, brag.

* * *

SLEEVELESS ERRAND

Their marriage lasted twenty years;
They followed separate careers.

Lately they parted, without regret,
Unaware they had never met.

—ELISE S. PECKHAM.

* * *

An unusual cookbook that I have brought down with me from Cape Ann owes its publication to the initiative of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Rockport, Massachusetts. It is paper-bound, with metal rings, which makes it particularly easy to consult. It is edited by Ruth Langland Holberg, who wrote "Take It Easy Before Dinner." It contains personal recipes by such well-known people as our own Amy Loveman, Dorothy Heyward, the playwright, S. L. M. Barlow, Mrs. Paul Manship, Mrs. Harrison Cady, Esther Williams the painter (not the swimmer!), Mrs. Gifford Beal, Marjorie Flack, and your ever-hungry editor, as well as by members of the parish noted for their New England cooking. Back in my apartment I intend to try Fish Muddle, Policemen's Meat Loaf, Post Office Kisses, Witch House Casserole, Fireman's Pork Chops, as well as our own Angling Point Lobster. If interested, anyone may write to St. Mary's Church, Rockport. The book costs two dollars.

* * *

ALL FOWLED UP

Remember that bird of Poe's he said was a raven?
Well, judging by the way it was behavin',

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SAVINGS BONDS

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Knocking at his chamber door, we'd
wager our exchequer
It was just a common, ordinary old
woodpecker.

—ROD MACLEAN.

* * *

INTRUSION

When your violin bow
Threads the strings,
There are images here
And the wings
Of a moth in my heart.
Silently
As a moth, music spins
Filigree.

Then the last quivering string
Falls in place.
There is poised apathy
On the face
Of each posed listener.
Without pause,
They press black-fingered gloves
In applause.

These genteel metronomes
Break the wings
Of my moth that you spin
With your strings
And your bow. There remains
But the thin
Last remark of your stilled
Violin.

—CHARLOTTE WISE.

* * *

INTRAMURAL

Although they bed connubially,
Separately they sleep—
She in her tower of ivory,
He in his dungeon-keep.

—ELISE S. PECKHAM.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wilfred Shadbolt, in "Yeomen of the Guard." 2. Captain Corcoran, in "H. M. S. Pinafore." 3. Katisha, in "The Mikado." 4. Grosvenor, in "Patience." 5. Don Alhambra del Bolero, in "Gondoliers." 6. Hilarion, in "Princess Ida." 7. King Paramount, in "Utopia, Limited." 8. Jack Point, in "Yeomen of the Guard." 9. Private Willis, in "Iolanthe." 10. Major General Stanley, in "Pirates of Penzance." 11. Little Buttercup, in "H. M. S. Pinafore." 12. Sir Marmaduke, in "Sorcerer." 13. Edwin, in "Trial by Jury." 14. Mad Margaret, in "Ruddigore." 15. John Wellington Wells, in "Sorcerer." 16. Mikado, in "The Mikado." 17. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado." 18. Robin Oakapple, in "Ruddigore." 19. Mercury, in "Thespis." 20. Frederic, in "Pirates of Penzance." 21. Lord Chancellor, in Iolanthe. 22. Judge, in "Trial by Jury." 23. Marco & Guiseppe, in "Gondoliers." 24. King Gama, in "Princess Ida." 25. Bunthorne, in "Patience."

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PERSONALS

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To fuss (comp., colloq.).	88 16 81 25 141 69 150 14 50 119 184 101
B. An ice wall and the shelf back of it in Little America, 400 miles long.	54 138 123 35
C. A kind of Venetian glassware containing white threads or canes.	91 65 18 135 1 113 93 133 174 83
D. Simple; simply (Ger.; music direction).	87 89 155 107 98 177 19
E. A Sicilian youth beloved of Galatea and murdered by Polyphemus (classic myth.).	102 143 22 52
F. Bashful.	68 4 173 38 74 112 63 169
G. Crowned.	61 17 187 157 66 9 34 178 2 80 161
H. Incalculable; inestimable.	95 160 56 97 23 117 3
I. Isolated peak rising abruptly (Newfoundland).	146 154 24 130
J. Scottish philosopher and historian (1711-76; "Essays Moral and Political").	114 151 126 144
K. Soon afterwards (archaic; used in "The Ancient Mariner").	11 82 8 7 136 36 48 64
L. English engineer and contractor (1871-1930; works all over the world).	162 109 131 27 158 176 170 86 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Fanciful; unreal; a "movement" in literature opposed to classicism.	99 96 139 129 45 12 51 172
N. A young salmon (English dial.).	20 111 134 43 57 168 100
O. A member of the Truman Cabinet.	142 30 40 185 152 171 58
P. Color; tinge (poetic).	15 180 116 39 166
Q. To represent, describe, etc., to a nicety (3 wds.).	175 62 73 137 13 47 128 148 106 21
R. To engrave, scratch, mark, or wound.	84 55 94 85
S. An epithet of Aphrodite as arising from the sea.	77 149 167 104 71 26 6 125 186 164
T. Pertaining to tithes (eccl.).	182 108 76 120 72 59 42
U. Badly put together or fashioned (comp.).	115 79 179 147 183 37 127 33 110 44 92
V. Oblate, pulpy berry, used as a common garden-patch vegetable.	31 132 163 41 60 121
W. Fervently (Ger.; a music direction).	153 165 181 118 46 78 32 53 75
X. Having a place in public esteem or regard (2 wds.).	105 28 70 188 140 122 124 90
Y. Seat in Holland of treaties, esp. 1678-79, closing the war of France versus Holland and her allies.	103 29 159 10 67 49 5 145

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 C	2 G	■	3 H	4 F	5 Y	6 S	7 K	■	8 K
9 G	■	10 Y	11 K	■	12 M	13 Q	14 A	15 P	■	16 A	17 G	■	18 C	19 D	20 N	■
21 Q	22 E	23 H	24 I	25 A	■	26 S	27 L	■	28 X	29 Y	30 O	31 V	32 W	33 U	34 G	■
35 B	36 K	37 U	38 F	■	39 P	40 O	41 V	42 T	43 N	44 U	45 M	46 W	47 Q	48 K	49 Y	■
50 A	51 M	52 E	53 W	54 B	55 R	56 H	57 N	58 O	59 T	60 V	61 G	62 Q	63 F	64 K	■	65 C
66 G	67 Y	■	68 F	69 A	70 X	71 S	■	72 T	73 Q	74 F	75 W	■	76 T	77 S	78 W	79 U
80 G	81 A	■	82 K	83 C	84 R	■	85 R	86 L	87 D	■	88 A	89 D	90 X	91 C	92 U	■
93 C	94 R	■	95 H	96 M	■	97 H	98 D	99 M	100 N	101 A	■	102 E	103 Y	104 S	■	105 X
106 Q	107 D	108 T	109 L	110 U	■	111 N	112 F	113 C	114 J	■	115 U	116 P	117 H	118 W	119 A	120 T
121 V	122 X	123 B	■	124 X	125 S	126 J	127 U	128 Q	129 M	130 I	131 L	132 V	133 C	134 N	■	135 C
136 K	■	137 Q	138 B	139 M	140 X	141 A	142 O	143 E	144 J	145 Y	146 I	■	147 U	148 Q	149 S	150 A
151 J	152 O	153 W	154 I	155 D	156 L	■	157 G	158 L	■	159 Y	160 H	161 G	162 L	163 V	164 S	165 W
166 P	■	167 S	168 N	169 F	■	170 L	171 O	■	172 M	173 F	174 C	175 Q	176 L	177 D	178 G	179 U
■	180 P	181 W	182 T	183 U	184 A	185 O	186 S	187 G	188 X	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

HAVING abused the producers of Deutsche Grammophon records a month or two ago for sponsoring some of the lesser composers among the less than great, it seems reasonable to make amends this month when DG has added quality to the recorded list as well as quantity. Occasion for this gesture is provided by the issue of symphonies by Stamitz and Wagenseil, neither of them known previously by the gramophile or even the phonofan. Yet they are both of consequence to him, historically, and specifically for their relation to Mozart.

It was Stamitz, of course, whose instrumental works—when encountered in Mannheim—influenced a new trend of thought in Mozart's writing for orchestra. This symphony (in E flat, Opus 4, No. 5) might almost have served Mozart for the formal outlines of his "Dorf Musikanten" sextet, better known as "A Musical Joke": for it has some of the clipped, geometrical patterns of that work to go with its own kind of musical ingenuity. The Wagenseil (in D) is even earlier, and less complex. It makes, however, for an illuminating link in the chain of symphonic writing that extended from J. C. Bach and Michael Haydn to Boccherini, Stamitz, and Mozart. (The Wagenseil is DG album 22, the Stamitz DG album 20).

Two works of more contemporary origin, both splendidly played and reproduced, may also be found on the current Deutsche Grammophon list: the "Concerto Gregoriano" of Respighi, in which Paul Richartz is the fine violin soloist, with Robert Heger conducting and "Tod und Verklärung" directed by Victor de Sabata. Both of these are a decade old, but show no liability in the reproduced sound. What Richartz's history as a violinist is, I have no idea; but these records show him to be handsomely qualified for the task he undertakes. The special kind of sonority in this work—one of its principal justifications for listening attention—is impressively realized in the Heger performance. Likewise the "Death and Transfiguration" of De Sabata, which ranges from the tremulous to the tempestuous, and back. This kind of DG release makes a transliteration as "D . . . Good" almost mandatory.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

DECEMBER 1949

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

At Home with Opera

IRVING KOLODIN

AS A PUBLIC phenomenon, opera in America is a seasonal thing, keyed to the activities of the Metropolitan for several highly practical reasons: its long season in New York, its weekly broadcasts, and its annual tours have given it the status if not the title of a national opera company. New York has its City Center company, which Chicago also enjoys; and San Francisco has its season, which various other cities of the West Coast enjoy. Neither, of course, has the scope or the staying power of the Metropolitan, its range of repertory or its long history of performances, if not a tradition of performance.

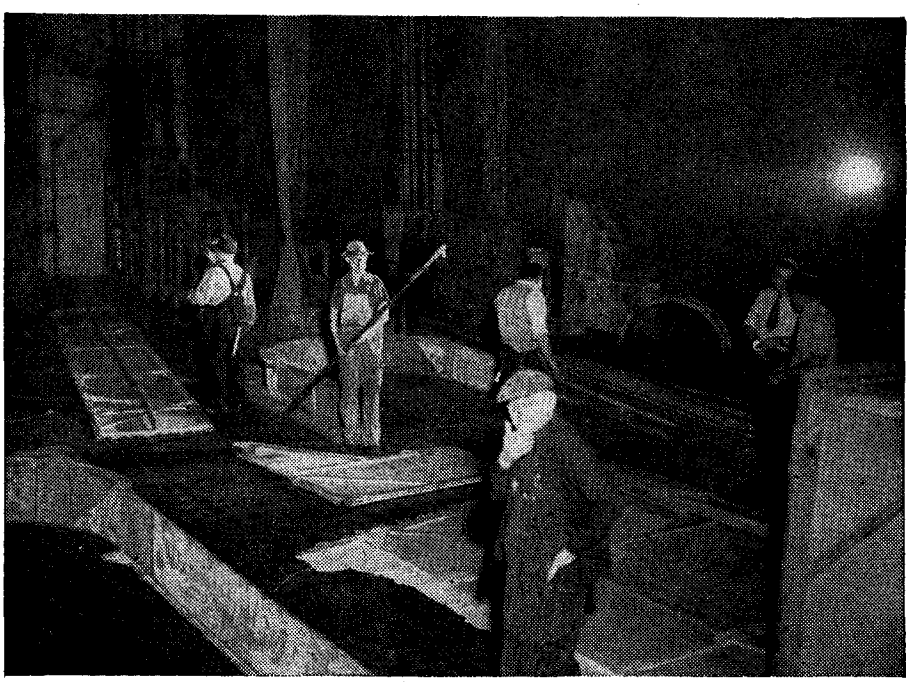
Thus the season which is upon us now, in which Edward Johnson comes to the end of his tenure as general manager, is historic for the country at large as well as for its New York public. It is well for the Metropolitan that it should be, for no longer can such an enterprise exist on the box-office revenue from its local supporters. The fact is that the New York season has been fixed, virtually, at a period of sixteen to eighteen weeks—two months shorter than the maximum under Gatti—because there is more chance of making money in the larger, newer theatres outside New York, with its commodious, but still economically unsound, auditorium. The friends it has thus made—with the busy help of the Opera Guild—have done more than their share of meeting the periodic demands for money to meet losses inevitable in these times of high costs in labor and materials. They will, one is sure, do as much when the time inevitably comes for opera finally to be taken out of the red by taking it out of the present house into a new one, or into a substantial reconstruction of the old.

Which course is preferable can hardly be an arguable point: a new house has been talked about, argued for, planned, and by-passed for most of this century. Otto Kahn promised one to Gatti-Casazza as long ago as 1910, and it must be said for his good will that he made an heroic effort to fufil that promise in the mid-Twenties. The social factors that blocked progress at that time no longer exist, with the house now owned by a publicly-responsible group which also produces the performances. But are the other economic factors as accessible?

As one who has made more than a small study of the whole enterprise, I may say I doubt that they are. The equity of real-estate value represented by the present site and building—useless for any purpose save the one it now partially fulfils—might be cashed for enough money either to buy a new site or to create the nucleus of a fund to erect a new one. But it cannot, obviously, do both. Lacking the contribution, by the city, of a plot for the purpose—which virtually every mayor from James Walker on has found, legally, impossible—it seems probable that opera, for the whole of the United States, will continue to emanate from Broadway and 39th Street for a long time to come.

Soon, however, we may hope that it will sound better and look better, because a considerable work of reconstruction must be undertaken to make the working area of the theatre, at least, amenable to modern stagecraft and to stabilize costs of operation. When, if ever, we shall have a properly subsidized theatre, on the order of the Covent Garden Trust created by Britain's Arts Council is no matter to contemplate in these casual sentences. Our democratic processes are cherishable things, but not where the arts are concerned.

The paradox of booming public interest, financial involvement, and Government disinterest is a perplexing one, but it hasn't prevented opera from going on in this country, nor is it likely to in the future. That the quality of the performances ranges from a cut to a chasm below the best possible is recognized, if not admitted, by everybody. Most of all it is recognized by those who spend the off-Metropolitan season listening to opera recordings (and if a harsh truth must be administered, some of the on-Metropolitan



—*Louis Melançon.*

Backstage at the Met—"reconstruction must be undertaken to make the working area of the theatre amenable to modern stagecraft."

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season also). We have had some good "Figaros" and "Don Giovannis" in the last decade there, but none so good as the Glyndebourne records. Beecham's "Faust" was considered something of a recorded disappointment, but its duplicate in the Metropolitan would be a sensation. Likewise the "Aida" with Gigli and Caniglia.

ODDLY enough, the phonograph has created the evidence, forever, of just what the Metropolitan is like these days, from the fair to middling "Hansel and Gretel" to the middling to fair "Bohême," and the most recent fairly-middling "Madama Butterfly" (Columbia album MOP 30, $19.58; LP set SL4, $14.55). The latter is, in general sound, a notable piece of work: rich in orchestral color, well prepared, full of relevant detail. Like most Metropolitan productions, it has several excellent performances—Richard Tucker's superb Pinkerton and the very good Sharpless of Giuseppe Valdengo; and it has the key weakness we so often experience at the theatre itself, a young singer trying with all good will and, usually, some vocal suitability to perform a role for which she is neither temperamentally nor artistically equipped.

Eleanor Steber, it is true, has never sung Butterfly at the Metropolitan, which exonerates the institution, for the moment—though it is safe to say that it is only a matter of weeks till she will. Why she should make a complete recording of it under these circumstances is, frankly, baffling. I have, in a moment of reckless research into past standards, been considering representative portions of the role as left to us in the records of Farrar and Rethberg, Giannini and Albanese. From the "Un bel di" of the first (still to be heard in RCA Victor album 816) you have a revealing reminder that Butterfly is, after all, only fifteen years old. Farrar colors her voice to a quality of sound she would never use, certainly, in "Carmen." Rethberg is no fifteen-year-old geisha, and she sings in German (Parlophone PXO 1035), but she *sings* with effortless ease and artistry. Giannini's dramatic accent is excessive but terribly real (HMV DB1264), while Albanese gives us more the balance of all these factors (in her HMV DB5383 of some years back) than does any other contemporary. She is much less a fine Butterfly in her current release (RCA Victor 12-1001), in which she omits the final top tone of the entrance music, and lacks vocal richness both here and in the death scene.

Steber's Butterfly improves as it progresses not because she adapts herself better to its changing problems, but rather because the character development itself comes to accord better with her abilities. The lightness, the charm, the air of expectancy and anticipation in the entrance music are a mere sequence of well-formed vocal phrases in her performance; and the love duet is simply stolen from her by Tucker's magnificent assurance and power. The ability to suggest a character by voice alone, as one must on a record, is not yet within Miss Steber's power, though sobriety is more accessible to her than ecstasy. For a man who has conducted "Butterfly" rarely—never at the Metropolitan—Max Rudolf bears himself well in an idiom not his chosen one. Jean Madeira is a fine Suzuki—the Metropolitan has never lacked for able secondaries—and the assorted smaller roles are

capably executed. On the LP, it is one of the most evenly balanced, richly differentiated recordings we have yet had.

When we turn from the common fare of "Butterfly" and "Bohême" to the less commonly favored matter of the repertory, it is the record fancier who is more at home with opera, literally as well as figuratively. For reasons no one can explain, the Metropolitan has given us Mascagni's "Cavalleria" as often as the traffic will bear, but not in many years the charming "L'Amico Fritz," which can be heard almost ideally performed by Tagliavini and Tassinari (in Cetra-Soria album 106, LP set 1203). "Norma" goes more often than it comes, but the Cigna-Stignani-Brevario-Pasero recording of the Thirties can be heard with vast pleasure in its present Cetra-Soria LP discs (LP set 1204). "Turandot" is more a matter of pure theatrical effectiveness than either of these, but those to whom Puccini is a mere verist should expose themselves to its impressive exposition by Franco Ghione and a good cast on the Italian discs of the late Thirties (Cetra-Soria LP set 1206). And those who don't know that Deutsche Grammophon has issued a considerable part of a splendidly sung "Freischütz"—fifteen sides—have a rare pleasure awaiting them in DGS album 6.

This business of being at home with opera—whether it is from records or the radio—is often a more satisfactory, if less varied, experience than the actual theatre. There is the concentration, for one thing, on the sound itself, without the pictorial elements that are as often a distraction as an embellishment. If one is musician enough, it invites the use of a score, with its intensification of listening pleasure (we are momentarily living in a dream world where reference to a score is always productive of pleasure) or, if that technical equipment is lacking, to a libretto. I digress to remark that each time a new recording of an opera—even a reasonably familiar one—appears, and I go through it with score and/or libretto, I learn things about it that simply slip by in the theatre.

For that matter, there is scarcely an opera in the repertory whose pleasures cannot be heightened by collateral reading. If one wants to be—in still another sense—at home with opera, I counsel a program of books that might begin with Weinstock and Brockway's "The Opera" (Simon & Schuster). This is a fat volume of history, in which the living aspects of an art now moribund are shown at work in the evolution of the repertory we now know. How the styles emerged and why they emerged when they did are brought into a thoroughgoing discussion of opera in the round.

Ideal "companions" for pre-performance purposes are the two volumes of Ernest Newman's "Stories of the Operas" and "More Stories of the Operas" (Knopf), newly augmented by "The Wagner Operas" (reviewed on page 64 of this issue). Not only in warmth and information, in musical illumination and dramatic discussion, but in sheer literary ease they are the superiors of any other volumes of synopses known to me. As Newman explains in his latest, integrated collection, the previous volumes are erratic in their inclusions and omissions, for the simple reason that a series of articles was gathered into book form without his approval. What is included, however, is uniformly first class.

Among specific composers, Newman's "Wagner Operas" will now have an honored place beside Edward J. Dent's "Mozart's Operas" (Oxford). The latter is a classic of the English opera literature, one of the very best books on Mozart's stage works. No one has treated Verdi's scores with equal discrimination, but the Francis Toye biography (Knopf) has much that is informative about the better known works. Gilman's handbook for "Pelléas" and Hutcheson's for "Elektra" are both useful for mental refreshment when one or the other is in prospect (Schirmer).

(*Continued on* ***page*** **66**)

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Looking Backwards: Claudia Muzio

IT IS AN almost unvarying rule in the world of singing that an artist builds a reputation for either concert or opera, but is rarely equally admired for his work in both. Often, when the opera singer's voice has begun to diminish, one may successfully specialize in the concert stage, as in the case of Marcella Sembrich and, in our own time, Lotte Lehmann. But because young singers choose at the beginning of their careers to set their aim on one or the other of these fields, there has been only a handful of artists who, at the height of their capacities, were equally superlative in both concert and opera.

To name Claudia Muzio as one of those artists seems at first a contradiction, since her reputation rests mostly on her operatic work. But when we listen to the two Columbia albums of her records entitled "A Song Recital" and "An Opera Recital," we understand that it does not matter in what field Muzio's fame was achieved or indeed even what she sang. For she was that unusual artist who managed to weld the techniques of both concert and opera into one perfect and finished art.

Muzio's background partially explains how she was able to grasp so perfectly the art of singing. She was a true daughter of opera, for both her parents were chorus singers at the Metropolitan, and later, when her father was made assistant stage manager at that theatre (subsequently at the Manhattan and the Covent Garden houses), the girl was able to stand in the wings night after night and absorb operatic styles and traditions at their finest. For dolls she substituted such divas as Eames, Nordica, and Calvé; for the child's world of make-believe, the fantastic atmosphere of opera. In turn, she was petted and spoiled by all the operatic great, so that even now Maria Savage, the peerless *grande dame* of the Metropolitan Opera chorus, recalls that she, like many others, was "a second mother to little Claudia."

Madame Savage also remembers that when Muzio reached the damning age of twelve she was left behind by her parents in her native Italy because she could no longer travel at "half-fare." During that time she began to study the harp and the piano, but when one of her teachers discovered her naturally beautiful voice and instinctive dramatic talent, Claudia Muzio switched to voice lessons. Results were quick to come. At the age of twenty she made her debut in Arezzo, in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and achieved immediate success. For the next four years she sang throughout Italy, proving her versatility and artistry in a variety of roles ranging from Mimi to Sieglinde.

On December 4, 1916, the problems of "half-fare" now eliminated, Muzio returned to the Metropolitan, amid tremendous excitement and sentimentality backstage, to make her debut as Tosca, in a cast with Caruso and Scotti. Thereafter her career ran from peak to peak. She sang in opera and concert all over the world, but was perhaps the most adored by the people of Rio de Janeiro, who called her "the divine Claudia." In 1928, she sang a command performance of "Norma" for the King and Queen of Italy, and later received a decoration for her contribution to Italian art. In 1933 she returned to the Metropolitan after missing several seasons there and received an ovation for her portrayal of Violetta in "La Traviata." Though reputed to have only a mild heart complaint, she died suddenly in Rome in 1936, when she was only forty-four.

Muzio used her striking voice, so perfectly trained, to illuminate anything she sang, whether it be the lightest of French songs or the most dramatic aria. On her records she turned easily from the Delibes song "Bonjour Suzon," done with just the perfect mixture of archness and ingenuousness, to the "Casta Diva," sung as the pure, exquisitely controlled prayer of devotion it was meant to be and not as the empty showpiece it sometimes sounds. She sang another aria, "L'altre notte in fondo," from Boito's "Mefistofele," with all its horror, delirium, and coloratura insanity graphically conveyed. Contrast this with her interpretation of Reger's serene "Lullaby to the Virgin," and it is easy to see that Muzio's sensitive, perceptive grasp of the emotional content of what she was singing consistently makes it alive and expressive.

Perhaps the greatest *tour de force* of her records is her famous reading of the letter that precedes Violetta's last act aria, "Addio del Passato," from "La Traviata." Over the sweet, sorrowing sounds of the violins, Muzio's voice speaks an obbligato, poignant and inexpressibly sad, conveying all the hopelessness of Violetta's life. As we listen again and again to that record, we come to understand that Muzio achieved her effect not merely by the instinctive emotion of the ordinary opera star. The instinct is there, of course. It has to be. But coupled with it are intelligence, concentration, and a sensitivity to every word that she is singing. Each sound drops into place, colored and blended with emotion. It is a kind of distillation, which produces the marvelous performance we hear on this record: a union of the beautiful voice and the large style of an opera singer with the intelligence and subtlety of a concert artist. Claudia Muzio achieved this fusion through work, patience, and an untiring search for the true art of singing. In this regard she is a model for any aspiring singer, especially one who does not choose to hide behind the qualifying "opera" or "concert."

—ROBERT RUSHMORE.

Claudia Muzio—"a kind of distillation."

Muzio LP

QUITE independent of the interest that produced the accompanying article, we learn that the Greenwich Music Shop in New York City has brought together eight Muzio discs, long unavailable, and processed them as a single LP (Esoteric LP ES500). The sound, of course, is pre-electric, and represents the Muzio voice in its early prime, performing such music as Micaela's air from "Carmen," "Lascia Ch'io Pianga" from Handel's "Rinaldo," and excerpts from Verdi's "Lombardi" and "Vespri Siciliani."

Artistically, the Muzio voice is heard at its most affecting in the Handel and Bizet performances, with that exceptional sense of mood projection through phrase formation familiar in her later records.

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Twenty Critics Survey Twenty-Five Years

AS ONE of the by-products of the recent Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Issue [*SRL* Aug. 6] RECORDINGS undertook a sampling among critics to determine their opinion of the outstanding records produced in the era of electrical recording. "Outstanding" was the word of deliberate choice, rather than "best" or "greatest," for we doubt that any one man has heard, and remembered enough, of the "outstanding" ones to determine such absolutes as "best" or "greatest."

Having finally weighed the evidence submitted, the editor finds some suggestive trends in the prevailing thought on the subject. One respondent, **Alfred Frankenstein**, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, declared openly that it would be "quite impossible" to single out such a list (the editor suggested five albums and five single discs, in order to preserve some uniformity of judgment). Another, **Irving Sablosky**, music critic of the *Chicago Daily News*, thought that the job could be done by mentioning but three titles—though between them they total eighteen albums: "L'Anthologie Sonore," Schweitzer's three albums of Bach organ records, and Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." Another discophile, **Philip L. Miller**, found that twenty titles in each category would be just about the bare minimum he would require; for purposes of compilation we have chosen only his first five.

Others, with a more sporting temperament, have attempted—with the editor—to do the impossible, and have had some pleasure in the effort. Evaluation of the answers shows two schools of thought—at least—concerning what might be called "outstanding" in this connection. Some of us (I include myself in the group) have thought in terms of superlative performance of musical landmarks, without which the phonograph literature would be greatly impoverished. Others have inclined to favor projects of large scope, not necessarily of exemplary execution, but whose musical values transcend all other considerations. I am sympathetic to this view, though I do not consider the Wolf Society, for example, to have wholly succeeded in its mission by sponsoring several questionable singers, and several others vocally in decline. But there is, in so vast a subject, room for half a dozen viewpoints, and the editor presents them for what stimulation and suggestiveness they contain.

Toscanini. The name recurs like an amen to the prayer of music. With it, hardly less often, is Beecham. Taking the pile in a sequence neither alphabetical nor geographical we find **Hilmar Grondahl**, of the Portland *Oregonian* offering "The Magic Flute" (Beecham version), "Don Giovanni" (Glyndebourne), "Forza del Destino" (Marinuzzi), and Murrow's "I Can Hear It Now" as his outstanding albums. Toscanini appears among the singles: the Scherzo and "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from "Midsummer Night's Dream," joined by three vocalists—Sayao singing Villa-Lobos's "Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5," Tibbett singing Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and Pinza performing "Osmin's Air" from "Die Entführung." In agreement with him on the Glyndebourne "Giovanni" is **Barry Ulanov** of *Metronome*, though his Toscanini is the "Scala di Sieta" Overture. Otherwise he notes Landowska's "Chromatic Fantasy" and the Casals unaccompanied cello sonatas (Nos. 2 and 3) of Bach, Schnabel playing the Beethoven No. 4 with Dobrowen, and the "Otello" duets sung by Lemnitz and Ralf. Supervia's "Habanera," and three modern works—Varese's "Ionisation" (conducted by Slonimsky), Carillo's "Preludio à Cristobal Colón," and Hindemith's Cello Sonata (Kurt Reher performing) — complete the Ulanov list.

Reed Hynes, of the *St. Louis Star-Times*, agrees that Schnabel's playing of the Beethoven No. 4 should be starred, but notes the version with Stock. He also includes Schnabel's playing of Opus 110, the Glyndebourne "Giovanni," Toscanini's version of the Beethoven No. 7, and the Boulanger-directed Monteverdi album. Beecham comes into the single listing, with "L'Après-midi d'un faun," where Toscanini's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Schumann singing "Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben," Lehmann's "Ungeduld," and the Choir of the Dijon Cathedral singing Lassus's "Douce Memoire" are also nominated. The Toscanini-Beethoven No. 7 is a link to the listing of **Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith**, chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library, who follows with the Symphony No. 98 of Haydn, also in the Toscanini version. Copland's "Appalachian Spring" and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" are two Koussevitzky entries, also the G minor Sonata of Bach played by Menuhin. Virtually all of Dr. Smith's singles are vocal records: Foster's "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," by McCormack, Schubert's "Hirt auf dem Felsen" by the American soprano Winifred Cecil, the Villa-Lobos "Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5" (Sayao), John Jacob Niles's "I Wonder as I Wander," and Elsie Houston's "Foi n'uma noite calmosa" joined to Marian Anderson's recording of "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Victor Prahl, of the *Springfield Republican*, is a Supervia-Beecham man: "Non più mesta" ("Cenerentola") for the first, "Magic Flute" for the second. His Sayao is the album of operatic airs, while for Beethoven he applauds the Heifetz-Feuermann-Rubinstein "Archduke" and the Primrose-Feuermann "Duo in E flat." The Reiner version of Bartók's "Concerto" and the Robert Shaw-directed "Mass in B minor" are his other album choices, with the Buxtehude "Aperite Mihi

Final Tally

FOR Toscanini: eighteen nominations, divided among the Beethoven No. 5 (3), the Beethoven No. 7 (2), the "Pastorale" (1), with one each for his conducting of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Scala di Sieta" (Rossini), "Brünnhilde's Immolation" with Traubel, Brahms B flat Concerto with Horowitz, Samuel Barber "Adagio," Mozart "Magic Flute" Overture and "Haffner" Symphony, Haydn No. 98 and "Clock" Symphonies, "Lohengrin" Prelude, "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo, and "Italiana in Algeri" (Rossini).

For Beecham: Fourteen nominations, divided among the complete "Magic Flute" (4), "Messiah" (2 new, 1 old), "L'Après-midi" (2), with one each for Mozart G minor and "Prague" Symphonies, Delius's "Appalachia" and "First Cuckoo," and "Dance of the Sylphs" (Berlioz).

For Glyndebourne operas: "Don Giovanni" (5), "Figaro" (4).

Among pianists: Schnabel — ten nominations: Beethoven No. 1 (1), No. 4 (2), No. 5 (2), Society Issues (2), Opus 110 (1), Schubert A major (2).

Among vocalists: Sayao — five nominations: "Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5" (4), Operatic Airs (1).

CONSENSUS

Glyndebourne "Don Giovanni"	5
Villa-Lobos "Bachianas"	4
Beecham: "Magic Flute"	4
Glyndebourne "Figaro"	4
"Goldberg Variations"	4

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Portas," Morini playing the D minor Vivaldi sonata, and Helen Traubel singing "Durch teure Halle" rounding out his single records. **Conrad B. Harrison**, of the *Deseret News* (Salt Lake City), returns us to a prevailing pattern with two Toscaninis (the "Pastorale" Symphony and the Brahms B flat Concerto with Horowitz) and a Beecham (Mozart G minor Symphony). Other albums are Walter's of the Schubert Symphony in C, Munch's "Daphnis et Chloe," and the Reiner-Welitsch "Salome" excerpts. Among singles, Harrison is also partial to Toscanini ("Meistersinger" Prelude) and Beecham ("L'Après-midi d'un faun"), with Pinza's "Madamina," the Heifetz playing of Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," and the Merrill-Albanese duet from "Traviata" noted for the first time.

For **John Rosenfeld**, of the *Dallas Morning News*, the Toscanini of Toscaninis is the Beethoven No. 5, and his Glyndebourne is the "Marriage of Figaro." Mengelberg's "Eroica," the Von Karajan "Deutsches Requiem," and the Menuhin playing of the Bartók Violin Concerto—deep in the heart of Texas accompaniment by Dorati—are his additional albums. The A flat Impromptu of Schubert (Rachmaninoff), the Stokowski version of the D minor Toccata and Fugue, Flagstad's "Liebestod," Stignani's "Casta diva," and a duet from Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt" sung by Lehmann and Tauber are his "outstanding" single records. A fellow lister from Fort Worth, **E. Clyde Whitlock**, of the *Star-Telegram*, lists a dozen albums, of which the first five are Maggie Teyte's "French Art Songs," the Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann Schubert Trio in B flat, Beecham conducting the Delius "Appalachia," Mengelberg's "Eroica," and the Ormandy-Feuermann "Don Quixote." Toscanini appears in the list of singles, conducting the Barber "Adagio," along with Flagstad's "Liebestod," Beecham's version of "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," Julia Culp singing "Mondnacht," and Edmond Clement's "Le Rêve" from "Manon."

Paul Chandler Hume, of the *Washington Post*, submits a Toscanini-less but not Beecham-less selection: another vote for "The Magic Flute," together with more esteem for Casals's unaccompanied Bach, the "Goldberg Variations" in the Landowska version, the first act of "Die Walküre" (Lehmann, Melchior, List, and Bruno Walter), and the reissued "Gurrelieder." Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela" is one of his favorite Stokowski records, with credit for Myra Hess's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," the Maynor performance of "Depuis le jour," E. Power Biggs and ensemble in a Mozart "Adagio and Rondo," and the Eskdale playing of a Haydn trumpet concerto.

The first composer to be mentioned as a participant in a recording comes from Des Moines, where **Ogden Dwight**, of the *Register and Tribune*, casts the Iowa vote for Rachmaninoff playing his Second Concerto with Stokowski. He is also a Schnabel-Beethoven man, preferring the First Concerto with Sargent. Otherwise, his albums are choral: the Sargent "Messiah," the Von Karajan "Deutsches Requiem," and the Shaw B minor Mass. The great names of Caruso ("Celeste Aida"), Bori ("Un bel di") and Chaliapin (Gretchaninoff "Credo"), plus the Caruso-led "Rigoletto" Quartet, blanket all contemporary vocalists for this critic, whose other single preference is for the Stokowski "Clair de Lune."

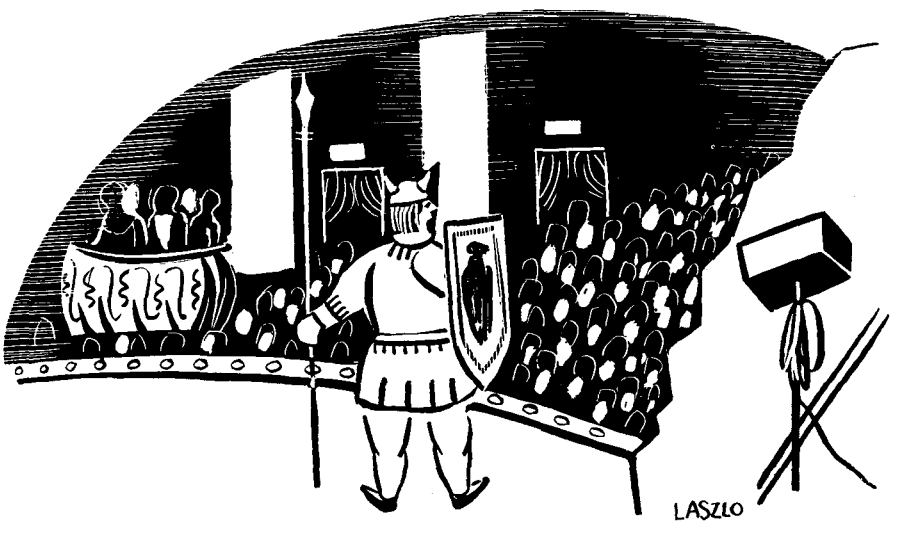
A Toscanini set not previously mentioned is noted by **Thomas B. Sherman**, music editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*: the "Haffner" Symphony of Mozart. Grouped with it are Landowska's "Goldberg Variations," the Beethoven Society issues of Schnabel, the Glyndebourne "Figaro," Bruno Walter's "Eroica" (the earlier of the two editions in circulation), and Pinza's volume of Italian art songs. That recurrent Sayao-Villa-Lobos "Bachianas Brasileiras" is with us again, followed by Tauber's "Il mio tesoro," Ferrier singing "Gretchen am Spinnrade," Giuseppe di Stefano's two "Mignon" airs, and Marian Anderson singing "Come Away, Death."

Beecham and Toscanini are a pair for **David Hall**, of the "Record Book" and *Cue*: the first for "The Magic Flute," the second for the "Magic Flute" Overture. Also noted by Hall are the Vaughan Williams F minor Symphony, self-conducted by the composer, the Berlioz "Requiem," the "Goldberg Variations" of Landowska, and Pathé's issue of "Three Centuries of Organ Music." Aksel Schiotz joins the historical company for his "Every Valley," put by Hall beside Chaliapin's "Boris" Death Scene, Gabriella Gatti's singing of the "Lament" from "Arianna," and the Ars Rediviva Ensemble's version of the Rosenmüller Sonata in E minor. Another David (this one **Ewen**) casts another bouquet to the Beecham "Magic Flute," likewise to the Casals unaccompanied Bach, and the Toscanini direction of the "Immolation Scene" with Traubel singing. The Viennese "Rosenkavalier" and the first volume of the English Music Society (Purcell) are his other albums. Flagstad's "Abscheulicher" is an outstanding single for Ewen, as are Fischer's playing of a Handel Suite (in D minor), Schweitzer's D minor Toccata and Fugue, Milhaud's "Creation du Monde," and Jannequin's "Chant des Oyseaux" (Anthologie Sonore).

Gilbert and Sullivan enter the list for the first time, at the instigation of **Delos Smith**, of the United Press. "Iolanthe," in the D'Oyly Carte performance, being a standard which Smith challenges us to duplicate in other operatic singing. With it are two favorites: the Landowska "Goldberg Variations" and the Beecham "Messiah" (new version), also another Schnabel preference, this time for the Schubert A major Sonata (posthumous), plus a selection from the worthy literature of the Budapest ensemble—the Mozart Quintet in D (with Milton Katims). Smith's singles are all prewar: Weingartner's version of the "Fidelio" Overture, Tauber's "Am Meer," the Gigli-De Luca "Ah, Mimi" from "Bohême," two scenes from Weber's "Ines de Castro" sung by Erna Berger (Polydor), and Paul Robeson's "St. Louis Blues" ("classical, the way I classify it.")

Walter Grueninger, of *Consumer's Research*, submits what is almost a selection of the selections: a Schnabel ("Emperor" with Stock), a Beecham ("Messiah"), two Glyndebournes ("Don Giovanni" and "Figaro"), and a Koussevitzky ("Italian" Symphony)

(*Continued on page* 66)



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Reviews of the Month

Predominance among recordings of this month clearly belongs to the standard repertory, with new versions of the "Eroica" and "Choral" Symphonies of Beethoven from Walter, the "Clock" and No. 93 of Haydn from Ansermet and Cantelli, the "Vier Ernste Gesänge" (Brahms) and "An die ferne Geliebte" (Beethoven) from Traubel and Schlusnus. At that, we can cite such novelties as the Stravinsky "Orpheus" and Miaskovsky's Symphony No. 21.

"Eroica" and "Choral"

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9 in D minor ("Choral"). Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with Irma Gonzalez, soprano, Elena Nikolaidi, alto, Raoul Jobin, tenor, and Mack Harrell, baritone.* (Columbia album 900, $8.95; LP SL 156, $9.70.) *Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica"). Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 858, $6.95; LP ML4228, $4.85.)

With the simultaneous issue of these two imposing performances, Columbia has moved far toward being the first company to have not merely one complete set of the nine symphonies by the same conductor (Weingartner) but two: for its Walter project lacks but the Second, Fourth, and Seventh for a full series by him. Actually, this "Eroica" is his second in half a dozen years, superior in every way—but especially in recording—to its predecessor.

However, it is the Ninth in which we are most deeply interested at the moment, for there is no domestically available one (those of Von Karajan and Furtwängler are still luxury-priced items) to approximate the grandeur of this music. If Walter does not wholly convey it, he does approximate it—even more after the first two movements, which lack that crack-of doom quality which Toscanini so fully commands. The adagio—heard in its entirety without interruption—is probably the best single movement of conducting by Walter we have, of the warm accent and the outspoken humanity so much admired in his Mahler Fourth and Fifth.

Though the solo quartet is an unbalanced one—soprano Gonzalez is hardly a replacement for Eleanor Steber, who sang the performances of last year's Beethoven cycle—Mack Harrell delivers the all-important baritone exhortation with ringing tone and a firm sense of the musical purpose it conveys. Jobin and Nikolaidi are both equipped for their tasks. The chorus has the customary tendency to shout instead of sing, but the mounting excitement of the music is channeled to a crushing climax. It has also been broadly and bravely recorded, though it requires an instrument of wide range to render it justice, especially in the choral outpourings.

Columbia, it seems to me, has been even more successful in its "Eroica," which is certainly the fullest, richest-sounding version of this music to appear thus far. As noted above in the Ninth, the onslaught of idea is not Walter's strong point in symphonic argument: but, given the premise, he can argue its conclusion eloquently, as he does in the scherzo and finale here. In these, the orchestral sound is multicolored, especially the tint of gold from the horns. Both LP's are almost awkwardly free of surface sound.

Haydn, in Italian and Swiss

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 93 in D. Guido Cantelli conducting the NBC Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1323, $4.75; WDM 1323, $3.35.) *Symphony No. 101 in D ("Clock"). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LPS 54, $4.95.)

I have never heard a Haydn symphony recording that wasn't welcome for one reason or another (even the recent, turgid "La Chasse" from Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Orchestra brought a partisan chorus to his defense which was illuminating); and these are no exceptions. At that, I would not say that either is the epitome of the way the music can sound, or has sounded on discs in the past.

Cantelli, of course, is the young Italian conductor sponsored in a series of NBC broadcasts last season by Toscanini, and soon to have another set of appearances. He is a workman of high standards, a musical intellect of fine penetration, and obviously capable of communicating his ideas to the players. In their application to Haydn, however, he introduces a cisalpine view of Haydn which is all stress and strain, and little gaiety. It is most conspicuous in the overweighted force applied to the minuet, and in the precise, but undashing finale. In outline the adagio is beautifully linear but without much living pulsation. Though it is more resonant in sound than 8H recordings tend to be, I would not surrender the Beecham version for it (if I had it).

Ansermet's "Clock" is somewhat more relaxed, but not sufficiently so for the best results; to continue the simile, Ansermet is in the Alps, but not over them in the Austrian terrain native to this music. And, to render the national character further, what is more natural for a Swiss than to concentrate on the precision of the clock's mechanism, rather than its decorative element? It is thoroughly sophisticated, but hardly with the health or gusto the music suggests to my ear. Those who learned this music from the old Harty version will not find this as hearty, but it is certainly more listenable than the Toscanini-Philharmonic, for all the wonders of that execution. The LP is one of London's best—clear, wide in range, and with a minimum of background noise, even in the minuet where the flute and bassoon exchange solo comments.

The Art of the Art Song

BRAHMS: *"Vier Ernste Gesänge," etc. Helen Traubel, soprano, with Coenraad V. Bos, piano.* (Columbia LP ML 2072, $3.85.)

BEETHOVEN: *"An die ferne Geliebte." Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, with Sebastian Peschko, piano.* (Deutsche Grammophon album 25, $6.24.)

As a lieder singer for records, Helen Traubel has previously been more conspicuous for her enterprise than her success: the Schumann "Liederkreis" being one of the things to which she has tried, unprofitably, to adapt her massive tones and weighty art. In the "Vier Ernste Gesänge," however, Miss Traubel has come to musical grips with a problem immovable save by such resources—and the results are superb.

Among the factors not to be overlooked are the pace of the music (for the most part leisurely), its tonal layout (the D to G range, which is the richest portion of the Traubel diapason), and its temperamental affinity to the oratorical aspects of Wagner. From all of these factors, and Miss Traubel's thoroughly Germanic command of mood and word in these songs, we have an eloquent sequence, in the female voice, suitable to stand beside the magnificent male one by Kipnis. Bos—who was actually the youthful pianist when these songs had their first public performance in Vienna—is back in the great form of his best days, which means an accompanist the

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equal of any. The sound is excellent throughout, a little weak in the piano. The admirable LP (in which the four songs are heard without interruption) also offers the "Sapphische Ode," "Der Schmied," "Die Mainacht," and "Wie melodien zieht es mir," not nearly so consistently sung. But the creamy richness of Traubel's "O Tod, wie bitter bist du" is quite enough for one disc.

I suspect it will be the Schlusnus enthusiast rather than the Beethoven devotee who will be interested in his reissued "An die ferne Geliebte." Not that it isn't fully worthy of both Schlusnus and Beethoven: but the edition of Hüsch (still carried in the RCA Victor catalogue) is quite comparable, and of course much cheaper. However, the heady clarity of the Schlusnus voice, its tenorish flexibility and impeccable control are in prime estate in this performance of 1939. Fine, clear recording, and appropriate prominence for the piano.

—Irving Kolodin.

The Contemporary Idiom

Stravinsky: *"Orpheus." The composer conducting the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1320, $6; WDM 1320, $4.30.)

Britten: *"Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," Op. 10. Boyd Neel conducting the Boyd Neel Orchestra.* (London album 100, $7.35.)

Holst: *"St. Paul's Suite." Boyd Neel conducting the Boyd Neel Orchestra.* (London album 99, $5.25.)

It is not easy to determine how far recording has influenced the course of musical composition. Transparency of texture, so well suited to the medium, has been part of the normal pendular swing of creative evolution, an understandable reaction against the nineteenth-century orchestra. But the gemlike details, the delicacy of montage in Stravinsky's "Orpheus" seem almost as if conceived for the peculiar close-ups that result when music is channeled through the medium of a microphone.

Though scored for large orchestra, the music for the recent Balanchine ballet is full of subtleties of chamber music. In about half an hour of music there are but twenty seconds during which the full orchestral forces are used at once (side 7, where the Bacchantes tear Orpheus apart). The rest is mostly ingenious play on individual timbres intertwining in fascinating arabesques—often in pairs, two oboes for the song of Orpheus (side 4), two horns for the deeply touching dirge at the end, etc.

Stravinsky's orchestration has always been organic rather than ornamental, and here it is more so than ever. Contrapuntal strands that might otherwise clash are softened and given just value by his instrumental choices. As a result, many of the tensions and dialectics actually in this work float about in a sonorous reservoir predominantly placid and tender.

In the theatre, if the ear misses some of these details, there is enough that is absorbing in both stage action and the closeness with which the general musical attitudes follow it. Tenderness, as I see it, reflects the frustration, the deep sense of loss of Orpheus, and his prescience—even when he recovers Eurydice—that he will lose her again. Nebulous interludes appositely underpin the journeys between the earth and Hades, a version of taps and other dark but mordant brass figures are for the Angel of Death, and the song of Orpheus imploring the Furies stands apart for precisely what it should be, a sustained arioso of most appealing content.

In the concert hall it is important, however, that the details stand in relief, and it is only under the rarest conditions that a symphony can deploy chamber-music elements without their being dissipated through a large hall. The close-ups this recording affords, and the composer's knowing and expert conducting, disclose how much more than atmosphere there is in the score, what infinite variety of treatment and beautiful, luminous little touches. Some of the solos might have been better played, and the live, resounding quality of the recording is not quite favorable to the typically Stravinskyan abrupt silences and the score's subdued character. But all this is dwarfed by the astonishing degree to which "Orpheus" comes to life in this recording as a masterpiece that easily withstands the closest scrutiny.

Perfect performances of modern music we may only expect after the new performing methods have permeated the technique of instrumentalists. Benjamin Britten's "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," by contrast to the Stravinsky, asks of its string players methods they have often enough employed before. Contemporary though the matter may be, it has already become currency—the widely spanning figures of Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht," the dwelling on the heights (too much of it) *à la* Shostakovich. Where he evokes the past according to a present vogue—Rossini, a Viennese waltz—he does so too literally, and this whole rather youthfully pretentious work has as its chief virtue its exploitation of many string colors and its significance as the first work that brought to wide attention this undeniably gifted and facile young English composer, who has gone a long way since.

The "St. Paul's Suite" of Gustav Holst, superb as the Britten both in the quality of the recording and the performance by Boyd Neel's strings, is a more modest effort, frankly in old English and folk style. Folk-dancing enthusiasts will enjoy it for its finale based on the always popular "Dargason."

—Arthur Berger.

From the New York City Ballet Company production of "Orpheus" —"a sonorous reservoir predominantly placid and tender."

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 69 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Leonora Overture No. 1." Eduard van Beinum conducting the London Philharmonic. London T. 5162, $2.10.	Energetic, straightforward work by Van Beinum in one of the "workshop" remnants of Beethoven's genius. Without disparaging its qualities as music, one must recognize it as principally interesting for illustrating how Beethoven transformed a good idea into a great one. Spacious, evenly balanced sound. Would be welcome in an LP sequence of the four overtures.
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme of Haydn." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album X-322, $2.95; LP ML 2066, $3.85.	Typically competent execution by Ormandy, but little more. Neither charm nor grace nor glow stay these couriers in the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Good, but unremarkable reproduction of what is essentially a dull performance. The overside "Les Preludes" has more zest but cannot match the recent RCA Stokowski in premeditated preludizing.
Brahms: "German Requiem." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra, chorus, and soloists. Columbia LP SL 157, $9.70.	A highly successful transfer to LP of the generally admired Viennese version reviewed some months ago. The characteristic tone quality is there—with some excess hall resonance as before—but the element of continuity is paricularly welcome in a work of this length. The able soloists are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Hans Hotter.
Donizetti: "Daughter of the Regiment" Overture. Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paul von Kempen. Deutsche Grammophon 15301, $2.62.	Lively, if Germanicized, treatment of an ingratiating score worth hearing more frequently than on those far-spaced occasions when the opera is revived for a coloratura. Big sound, well reproduced.
Miaskovsky: Symphony No. 21. Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia LP ML4239, $4.85.	If I had not paid sufficient attention to this work to write an annotation for a Soviet set previously issued here, I would not be so ready to endorse it as a thoroughly lyric work, well worth the effort to comprehend. Ormandy does a good, if slightly Straussian, performance of a score which bears many traces of the later Shostakovich. The companion side offers the previously-issued Third Concerto of Bartók, with Gyorgy Sandor as soloist. The Miaskovsky is an especially fine piece of concert-hall (Academy of Music) recording.
Mozart: Symphony No. 40 (in G minor). Erich Kleiber conducting the London Philharmonic. LPS 89, $4.95.	The best Mozart G minor to date on LP, so far as sound is concerned. However, I find the Columbia-Reiner superior in musical interest, though this one presents the slow movement without break. Bright, full-range sound, tending to be heavy for the musical meaning. Otherwise, one of London's best LP's.
Mozart: Concerto in C (K.467). Robert Casadesus, piano, with Charles Munch conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP ML 2067, $3.85.	The first recording of this work known to me since the admired Schnabel-Sargent one. I don't grant Casadesus equality with Schnabel as a Mozartian, but this is certainly thoughtful, resourceful work, if a little inclined to delicacy on both sides. Finely balanced reproduction, of special advantage to the Philharmonic's string quality.
Offenbach: "Gaité Parisienne." Efrem Kurtz conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP ML4233, $4.85.	Substantially the same performance as Kurtz directed a dozen years ago, when the ballet was new: save that this is not as good for its time as the other was for its. Some shrillness in the orchestral sound, and a bit of the perfunctory in the performance are blemishes. With it are gathered various brief items previously issued by Columbia with Kurtz: the March from "Love for Three Oranges," Shostakovich "Polka" and "Waltz," "Flight of the Bumble Bee," etc. All are impressively recorded with the Philharmonic.
Smetana: "Vltava." Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP ML 2075, $3.85.	Re-creations on LP of two old items in the Columbia catalogue, of which the Smetana is half a dozen years old and Barbirolli's playing of the Brahms "Academic Festival" Overture nearer a decade. There is some musical merit in the Smetana, but the Brahms is ponderously played, dully recorded, without much hall resonance . . . an all too palpable reminder of the kind of thing Columbia has happily put in its past. No favor, this, to the LP program.
Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic. RCA Victor album 1321, $7.25.	Desire to honor the memory of Strauss, apparently, has impelled RCA to issue this fine-sounding, broadly paced version in place of the Monteux-San Francisco, which was believed to have precedence. It doesn't match the revived Mengelberg, on Capitol-Telefunken, in swagger or thrust, but it has a steady accumulation of virtues to a rather remarkable total. Richer sound than either the Mengelberg or the Reiner (Pittsburgh, both shellac and LP) with some deficiency of bass on the 45 rpm.
Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel." Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. "Don Juan." Reiner and the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Columbia LP ML2079, $3.85.	How many yesterdays ago was the Boston Symphony version of this the historic "first" on vinylite? This routine issue easily outdoes the realism of that "gala" presentation, in a performance of driving surge if no great humor. The orchestra plays remarkably well. Reiner's "Don Juan" has the thinned-out sound characteristic of the Syria Mosque, plus some interpretative dawdling over the lyric phases of Strauss. Let's get on with it.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D, for violin. Isaac Stern, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Alexander Hilsberg. Columbia LP ML4232, $4.85.	Stern is not distanced for brilliance, incisiveness, and musicianship by any Tchaikovsky-recorder of the day, unless Heifetz has made a new one I don't know about. It is certainly an improvement, in sound, over the previous domestic ones by Milstein and Morini. Hilsberg is both authoritative and considerate in his conducting, the reproduction a fine simulation of the Academy of Music original. Notably quiet surfaces, too.
Tchaikovsky: "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy." Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor 10-1487, $1.	The excuse for this morceau (backed by a snowbound version of Mozart's "Sleigh Bells" German Dance, K.605) can only be to show off a new departure in Victor's recording technique. Both, however, are so overconducted that musical pleasure is excluded.
Tosti: Various songs. Guiseppe Valdengo, with Alberto Erede conducting the New Promenade Orchestra. London LPS 116, $4.95.	Tosti does not follow close behind Schubert, Schumann, or Wolf (even Erich) in my rating of song composers, but even Liza Lehmann would be appealing in the plangent tones of Valdengo as here extended by amplification. Among the tear-jerkers—superbly manufactured—are "L'Ultima Canzone," "T'Amo Ancora," "Aprili," "La Serenata," and "La Mia Canzona." —Irving Kolodin.

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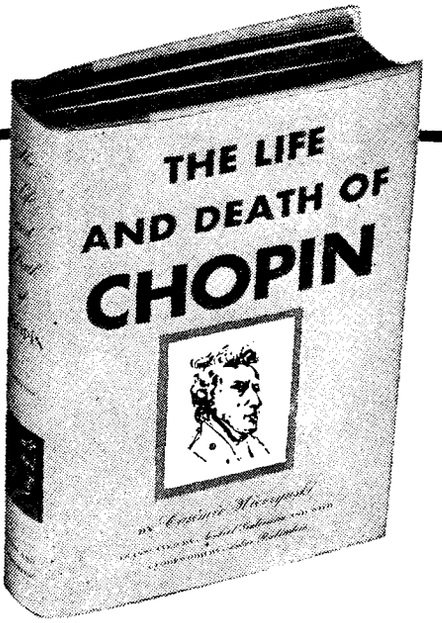
Audio Fair

AS A FOCUS of attention for sound-minded persons in the New York area, this year's Audio Fair at the Hotel New Yorker in late October must have surprised and gratified its sponsors. Members of this staff visited the exhibits at half a dozen different times during the three-day exhibition and reported a constant surge of people through the premises.

Two of the magnets for attention of record enthusiasts were the exhibits of Leak and Pickering. The first maker, who brought his equipment from England, showed an exceptionally fine unit for sound reproduction centering about an amplifier of his own design. It utilizes separate pickup and speaker units, both of clean, handsome design. Tested with a variety of records, both familiar and unfamiliar, the Leak apparatus was impressively clear in sound, firm at the bottom and faithful at the top. For some American buyers its lack of changer element will be a drawback, but the amplifier, certainly, could be used to advantage with such a device. Leak intends to add a head suitable for playing LP records to his pickup assembly. It is Leak's belief that his American distributor should be able to price the whole apparatus in the $600 category.

In the Pickering exhibit, principal interest centered on the adaptation of an eight-inch speaker to give much above average sound for the home. The speaker is placed at the top of a square column, about five feet in height, which acts as a baffle area, sound resonator, etc. It is intended to stand in the corner of a room, for proper sound diffusion. Unfortunately, the device was used in a series of three, preventing a clear appreciation of just what sound a single element would give. However, it held promise of excellent results in its moderate (about $100) price classification. A similar principle was used in a unit manufactured by Bell Laboratories. In this one, an eight-inch speaker is mounted at the top of a round, metal cylinder. The Bell speaker sells for about thirty dollars.



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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

WE SEEM no nearer to LP than we were last month. It is still a question of "This year? Next year? Sometime? Never?" and the air is alive with whispered rumors. One of the latest dealt with the possibility of microgroove 78 rpm discs giving about ten minutes' playing time per side. The main reason given for the reluctance of EMI and Decca to take the plunge—high officials of both groups have told me privately that they hope their rivals will not force them into rash action—is the view that the quality of sound from LP cannot compare with that of the 78 rpm disc. From what little practical experience I have had of LP I must say that I do not share in this view, and I believe that, in reality, they are far more afraid of having to market the appropriate LP equipment, and of having to face the host of teething troubles inevitably associated with such a step. A touch of young Siegfried's natural curiosity and fearlessness seems all that is required on their part.

As Christmas approaches, so the monthly lists once more grow longer and all the popular favorites come trotting out of their hiding places, fortunately interspersed with a goodly sprinkling of releases about which even a blasé critic can afford to be a little excited. It cannot be said that Tchaikovsky is particularly neglected by the gramophone and our catalogues already boast of at least five excellent versions of the "Pathétique" Symphony, three of them of fairly recent origin. But the latest recording, by Columbia, is of surpassing interest even though technically slightly inferior to ffrr-Munch. I cannot remember ever having heard the Vienna Philharmonic play so magnificently as they do here under Karajan, who charges the whole score with an at times almost overwhelming tension. Some details of this conductor's interpretation may be questionable, but the frenzy of the third movement and the softly glowing cellos at the opening of the Allegro con grazia are not easily forgotten.

While a new "Pathétique" hardly seemed necessary, much expectancy was aroused by the news that Heifetz had recorded the Mendelssohn Concerto with Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic. Alas, HMV has here given us the major disappointment of many a month. Surely, this jet-propelled, chromium-plated monster that Heifetz presents to us has nothing in common with the real Mendelssohn. The first and last movements are tossed off at a breathtaking speed and the poor Andante is just submerged by the surrounding pyrotechnics. The orchestra can be heard gasping for breath now and again in its valiant efforts to keep up with the soloist; for the life of me I cannot see where Beecham came into this. Sir Thomas, however, atones for his failure to assert himself and cry "Halt!" in another recording, also by HMV. This is the Suite from Strauss's music for Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which, apart from the fact that we are only given six out of the nine movements (a Minuet, the Courante, and Sarabande being omitted), is quite perfect. Beecham shows us that he is at home in "period" Strauss as he is with the unleashed passions of the "Elektra" finale, and the recording is superb.

In addition to routine duplications of "Peer Gynt Suite No. 1" (Barbirolli), the "Second Arlesienne Suite" (Sar-

● LPB-82
"CHRISTMAS CHIMES"
O Come All Ye Faithful • O Little Town of Bethlehem • Silent Night, Holy Night • While Shepherds Watched • Hark! The Herald Angels Sing • God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen • It Came Upon A Midnight Clear • The First Nowell • Joy To The World • From Every Spire On Christmas Eve.
JIMMY BLADES, Chimes—CHARLES SMART, Organ

● LPS-75
"GERMAN CHRISTMAS SONGS"
O Du Fröhliche, O Du Selige • Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht • O Tannenbaum • Süsser Die Glocken Nie Klingen • Ihr Kinderlein Kommet • Christnacht • Bitten (Beethoven, Op. 48, No. 1) Sebastian Peschko, Organ • Die Ehre Gottes (Beethoven, Op. 48, No. 4) Sebastian Peschko, Organ.
WILHELM STRIENZ, Bass Baritone
With Orchestral Accompaniment and Jean Bastian, Organ

● LPS-56
"CHARLES DICKENS A Christmas Carol" (Scrooge)
Scrooge: "Before The Dream" • "The Dream" • "After The Dream" • The Pickwick Papers: "Wilkins Micawber" • "Tony Weller" • David Copperfield: "Dan'l Peggotty".
BRANSBY WILLIAMS, Narrator

● LPS-121
ITALIAN SONGS Sung By Guiseppe Valdengo (Baritone)
Occhi Di Fata (Denza) • Mattinata (Leoncavallo) • Mia Sposa La Mia Bandiera (Rotoli) • Canta Il Grillo (Billi) • Se (Denza) • Visione Veneziana (Brogi, Orvelto) • Rondine Al Nido (De Crescenzo).
GUISEPPE VALDENGO
with the New Promenade Orchestra Conducted by Alberto Erede

● LPS-116
SONGS OF TOSTI By Guiseppe Valdengo (Baritone)
La Mia Canzone • La Serenata • Aprili • Ideale • 'A Vucchella • T'Amo Ancora • L'Ultima Canzone.
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gent), and the "Meistersinger" Prelude (Dobrowen), the orchestral "small fry" contains some fine Decca titles. Ansermet does his customary excellent job with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in Debussy's "Petite Suite"; Clemens Krauss is responsible for grand performances of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances" (Nos. 5 and 8); and Eduard van Beinum with the London Philharmonic Orchestra — how that body has improved under his guidance! —gives us a most lovely and sensitive performance of the "Fingal's Cave" Overture. This is a model of how Mendelssohn should be played, and I hope that it will come to Mr. Heifetz's notice.

In contrast to the November orchestral discs, chamber music manages to avoid well-trodden paths. As a result we have a rarely heard Haydn Quartet —Op. 64, No. 6, in E flat—beautifully played by the New Italian Quartet and perfectly recorded by Decca; Beethoven's Piano Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, played in a rather cool, detached manner by Gieseking (Columbia), and Schumann's outstanding "Fantasia" in C, Op. 17. The last-named work is given a most interesting reading by Edwin Fischer, one which will strike the Schumann lover as unduly severe but which nevertheless cannot fail to command attention for its wonderful clarity. HMV's recording here makes the piano sound a little too vinegary for my liking.

It appears that the present undoubted Wagner revival in this country has not impressed the recording companies sufficiently for them to invest in the recording of complete acts, not to mention whole operas. But, since solo numbers are few, we are offered some substantial scenes, the latest being that in which Brünnhilde appears to Siegmund in Act II of "Die Walküre." This scene was unforgettable at Covent Garden when Kirsten Flagstad and Set Svanholm performed it earlier this year, and now much of this thrill has been captured on two HMV discs. I have found Flagstad, with her majestically calm dignity, much more moving in this role than many another, more emotional, singer; Svanholm too is here at his best. The Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Böhm (not Furtwängler, as originally announced) is very fine, and the recording, except for one or two moments of slight strain, is splendid.

Lastly there is some Strauss (Johann, 2nd). I have often deplored the habit of turning Strauss waltzes into vehicles for coloratura sopranos to display their virtuoso tricks. Erna Berger, however, famous for her Mozart records, shows how it can be done tastefully in "Frühlingsstimmen" (HMV), if it must be done at all.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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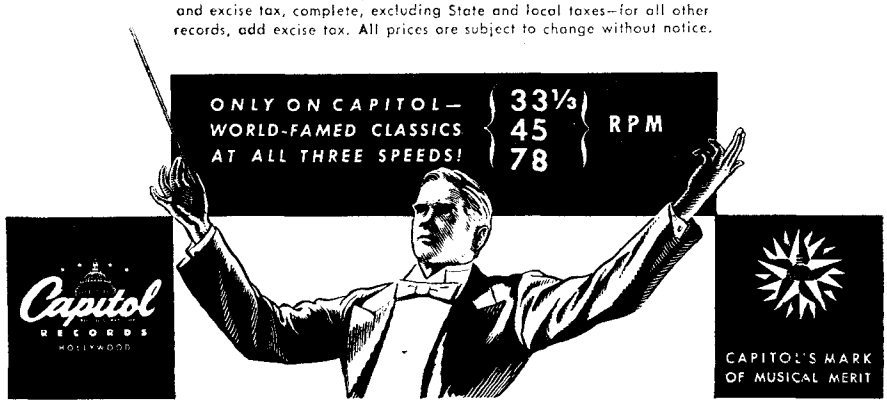

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Records for the Christmas Stocking

FROM children's recordings of the past year or so I have selected those which, in my opinion, are the pick of the crop. They are listed under five classifications: comic stories, Western music, and budget records.

Each description indicates the age level for which the recording is appropriate. However, each child is an individual and should be so considered in choosing recordings for him.

Comic Stories

HORTON HATCHES THE EGG. (MGM L4-A, two 10" unbreakable, $2.25.)

First-class nonsense by Dr. Seuss about Horton, an elephant who hatches a bird's egg. Narration by Marvin Miller is excellent. Children from six on will love it and adults will be amused.

LITTLE ORLEY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE LITTLE ENGINE AND THE HAPPY BIRD. (Decca CUS 13, one 10" unbreakable, $1.30.)

Adventures of Little Orley as told by "Uncle Lumpy" Brannon, accompanied by Waring and his Pennsylvanians. "Little Orley and the Little Engine" is a clever and enjoyable tale and offers the sound advice that one should always know where he is going and not get off the track. Accompaniment and sound effects are interesting and will probably result in a rash of engine noises around the house. "The Happy Bird" is inferior to the "Little Engine" but children from six to ten will like both.

TICKETY TOCK. (Capitol album EAS 3016, one 12" unbreakable, $1.57.)

A tale about an alarm clock that can't tell time and gets into embarrassing situations by ringing at the wrong times. Narration is excellent and children from six to ten will enjoy it.

WHO BLEW THAT WHISTLE? (Young People's Records 7-17, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.)

Excitement and fun for pre-school children in this story about a traffic policeman whose whistle gets out of hand.

GOSSAMER WUMP. (Capitol album EAS 3012, one 12" unbreakable, $1.57.)

Frank Morgan telling in his own inimitable manner one of those ridiculous stories that send children from six to ten into gales of laughter and leave adults cold. This one is about the triangle-playing career of Gossamer. Sure fire for the ages mentioned.

Western Songs

SING, COWBOY, SING! (Capitol album AC-77, three 10" unbreakable, $2.68.)

Shug Fisher and his ranchmen trio sing familiar and authentic Western songs in an appealing manner with effective accompaniment of fiddles and guitar. Fisher is a superior Western singer. Songs include "Boots and Saddles" and "Yippi-Ti-Yi-Yo" along with four others of comparable quality. Just right for children from six on and adult Western fans.

LORE OF THE WEST. (RCA Victor Y388, two 10" unbreakable, $3.57.)

Roy Rogers, Gabby Hayes, and the Lore of the West Singers talk and sing in real Western style. This album gives the lowdown on how cowboys live and work, and has an excellent illustrated Western dictionary showing cowboy clothing and equipment. Singing is well done. Children from six to ten will love it.

Stories with Music

JAZZ BAND. (Young People's Records 410, one 10" unbreakable, $1.44.)

A superior recording giving an account of the origin of jazz and featuring Canada Lee. Real New Orleans jazz in its best tradition. Children from seven on and adults will enjoy it.

WHY THE CHIMES RANG. (RCA Victor Y357, two 10" unbreakable, $2.31.)

A beautiful Christmas story told most effectively by Ted Malone with organ music. Church chimes, long silent, ring when a small boy makes an offering to the Christ Child at great sacrifice. For all ages.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. (Young People's Records 1007-8, two 10" unbreakable, $2.88.)

A musical dramatization of the familiar story about the tailors who hoodwinked the emperor by weaving imaginary thread into a garment for him to wear in a parade. Music in gay operatic style by Douglas Moore and excellent production make it a good buy for children from seven to eleven.

PINOCCHIO. (RCA Victor Little Nipper Series Y385, two 10" unbreakable, $3.57.)

A new adaptation from the Walt Disney film. Elaborate production with music and sound effects. Illustrations in color are well done and the text is printed in the album. Suitable for children from six to twelve.

THERE WERE THREE INDIANS. (MGM S-4, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05.)

An interesting story about three Indians who come into the modern world after hundreds of years asleep on a high mountain. They are unable to understand the changes that have taken place and decide to go back to their mountain. Authentic Indian chanting and tom-toms provide an excellent background for this very unusual story. Children from seven to twelve will be interested.

JOHNNY APPLESEED. (RCA Victor Little Nipper Series Y390, three 10" unbreakable, $4.04.)

Dennis Day portrays Johnny Appleseed and tells the story delightfully. Singing and background music are excellent. Production is very effective. Included in the album is an illustrated synopsis of the story. Children from six on should love it.

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO. (RCA Victor Little Nipper Series Y383, two 10" unbreakable, $3.57.)

A new production of the Sambo story with its objectionable features minimized. It is well told but the sound effects and background music are distracting at times. The album is tastefully illustrated in color and the text is printed so children can follow it. Children from six to eleven will like it.

Mostly Music

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS. (Decca CUS 16, one 10" unbreakable, $1.30.)

A superb musical setting of "'Twas the Night before Christmas" by Waring and his Pennsylvanians. It will delight young and old. You can't beat this one for Christmas listening.

SING ALONG. (Young People's Records 722, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.)

The Sing Along record is designed to serve as entertainment and to en-

(*Continued on page 67*)

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Some Highs and Lows

SOME ACTIVE THOUGHTS ON STATIC

THE PROBLEM of static elimination in our new plastic records continues to be a hot one. Electric charges that attract and hold dust on records are only too familiar to those of us who have been collecting the break-resistant discs. (I use the term advisedly—having, to my utter astonishment, smashed one into small pieces recently.) The trouble is made acute by the fact that the very motions which serve first to clean and then to play are those which generate the charge itself. Rubbing, especially with a dry woolen cloth, is the classic way of building up a static charge. But the rapid travel of the phonograph needle down its long spiral may also build up a formidable electrical tension.

Last spring [*SRL* June 4] the "Omegatron" static remover burst upon a delighted world—for a while. This ingenious device was no more than a camel's-hair brush with a protected strip of radioactive polonium mounted on one side. The alpha rays emitted by it, though non-penetrating, ionize the air an inch or so in front of the brush; a wave across your plastic record and the static charge leaps merrily into the (ionized) air, the record is discharged —the dust slides off. It worked and still does. But some disturbing rumors anent nuclear radiation [*SRL* July 9] were capped off by a dreadful medical report prominently written up in *The New York Times* of August 1, clippings of which soon bombarded this department. There were dire poison hazards, it seems. Not from the alpha radiation itself which is undeniably harmless, but from the possible ingestion (a nasty word) of tiny flecked-off particles of air-borne polonium, which on the inside of you make a very deadly cumulative poison.

Shades of Hiroshima! I admit that in the latter hours of August 1, 1949, I quietly retired my "Omegatron" brush to the back of a very high shelf in a very dark corner.

Common sense, however, has gradually got the better of me and a new laboratory report just received directly challenging the contentions of the UCLA account described above has brought me back to the rather shaky feeling that perhaps the "Omegatron," polonium and all, is truly no more dangerous in the home than a bottle of iodine or a beryllium-coated fluorescent lamp. The new report is reasonable and sounds authoritative. For common-sense people the static brush is a useful gadget, though one which should be treated with respect and just a little awe.

Meanwhile another and much more prosaic static remover has been launched, based on a quite different principle. One form of it is Walco's "Stati-Clean." (I could invent a better name than that, I think!) Radiation-shy souls had best take heed—this is strictly common-clay stuff, no more dangerous, say, than a good swig of denatured alcohol. Like other devices so far propounded, this static remedy is neither cure nor prevention. But it, too, works. The alcohol-base liquid when wiped thinly on both sides of a plastic record dries out to leave a molecule-thick residue of some hygroscopic substance (a material with the power to absorb moisture from the air). The infinitesimal and invisible wetness thus produced allows static electricity to drain away as rapidly as it is formed.

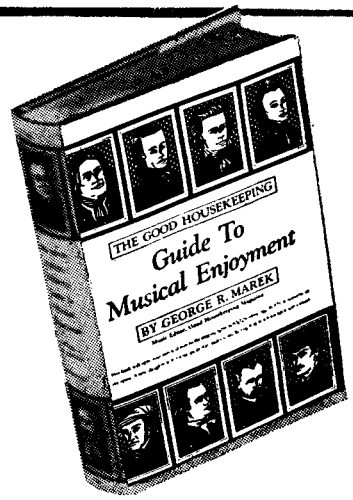
Immediate questions might be, first and most vital, does the application of a coating of foreign substance affect the played sound of the record, and second, will it have any adverse long-range effect upon the plastic itself?

I've been trying out "Stati-Clean" for a number of weeks and have some tentative answers. To test the first question, I deliberately smeared an inch-wide strip of the liquid as thickly as its water-thin consistency would allow across one side of an LP record. In the subsequent playing there was absolutely no noticeable change of sound as the needle went through this heavy streak on each revolution. Quality, I'd say, is not affected.

As to long-range damage, I cannot be sure. It is reasonable to assume that moisture, *per se*, will not harm plastic (and the quantity of moisture is incredibly small). I suggest that even if the hygroscopic material itself somehow ate into plastic—and again, the quantity of it is extremely small—the long-range advantages of freedom from damage via grinding dust might easily counterbalance this microscopic harm.

Whether you wish to bother with these semi-makeshift remedies for static troubles depends on the way you treat your records. Record care varies amongst us roughly as the care and feeding of children! However, the basic problem will not be solved rightly until you can buy permanently static-free records in your local shop and thus dispense with all horse-and-buggy methods.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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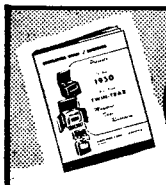

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public remembers only the bright side, ignoring a multitude of often unpleasant details that contribute inevitably to such a career as that of Sigmund Romberg. Readers will appreciate the fundamental honesty as well as the glamour and human interest of such a book as "Deep in My Heart."

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"Ring" Master

THE WAGNER OPERAS. By Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 724 pp. $5.85.

By KATHLEEN O'DONNELL HOOVER

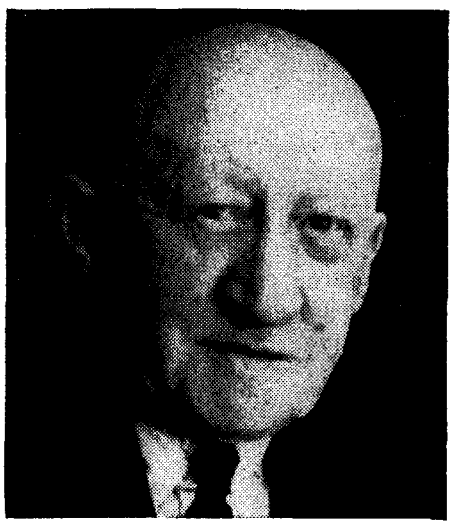
WITH the recent publication in Germany of Wagner's complete prose sketches for the "Ring," the need of a fresh appraisal arose. This is fulfilled in Ernest Newman's latest addition to the vast body of critical writing on the tetralogy. Though the final volume of his "Life of Richard Wagner" aroused the fear that his flair for sifting wheat from chaff might have dulled, "The Wagner Operas"—which includes his rewritten studies of the rest of the Wagnerian *oeuvre*—gives complete reassurance on that account.

Like literary creations of equal stature, the "Ring" negates the theory that a work of art should be self-revealing. The wealth of meaning becomes clear only through exploring, step by step, the conception and realization of the composer's project. The new sketches shed further light on the creative process, and Mr. Newman's scrutiny of them saves the lay reader a struggle with their not ideally lucid prose. The "Ring" can now be re-examined with new understanding. The original scheme of the drama is seen to have been changed more drastically than was supposed. Wagner was forced to discard some of his most potent ideas: the cosmic sweep of the action in the source materials certainly could not be transferred to the stage A striking instance is his intention to treat the whole race of the gods, instead of concentrating their force in the person of Wotan. The conflict with the two world-evils, greed and sloth, was to have culminated in the gods' world-mastery and creation of a higher world-order, rather than in their self-willed downfall. Exigencies of the theatre also caused Wotan to be given human traits, and his struggle with Alberich to be relieved with less grim episodes. Something of the earlier Aeschylean intensity and moral grandeur of the "Ring" was thus lost in its final formulation.

The prose sketches, further, bear out Wagner's amazing claim that he first conceived the entire tetralogy in terms of music. A host of marginal jottings prove that his musical moods generated the words, and that the dramatist's total reliance on the musician to convey his thought forced the latter to evolve the symphonic technique of exposition that is Wagner's highest operatic achievement.

Mr. Newman discusses only what has bearing on the evolution of the dramas in his survey of their sources, mythical and historical. The same concern with essentials marks his analysis of the scores. His text contains a minimum of motifs in the usual skeletonized form and with the specific labels that convey so few of the significances which a theme may have had for Wagner, or of the psychological changes that it undergoes in the course of the action. The study of salient examples of this variation-process is the most fervent part of the book, a manifesto of a "Complete Wagnerite," though even here Mr. Newman's critical eye is not veiled. He condones none of the confusion in dramatic psychology that resulted from Wagner's conception of episodes in different terms at different stages of his labors, nor does he invariably hold, with Wagner, that the music illumines the confusion.

His criticism of modern performances of the "Ring" seems somewhat trenchant. So far postwar standards throughout the world have not been impeccable, but could any prewar performances, except those directed by the Wagner family, have realized the composer's intentions? His vehement brochures on the interpretation of the operas bear witness to his scorn for the standards of his time, and we know that even in the Bayreuth productions not all of the artists corresponded perfectly in appearance or mentality to their roles. Intellectual adequacy and a fitting contour, though desirable in Wagnerian, as in all, singers, are not central to convincing interpretation. An intangible quality—the "inner flame," it might be called—is a prerequisite for every participant in a satisfying performance of Wagner. But whatever the minor points on which one might take issue with Mr. Newman, his treatment of a subject that has been sadly belabored for almost a century not only shows an exuberance unusual in an octogenarian, but fresh observation and expression.



—*Alfred A. Knopf.*

Ernest Newman—"exuberance unusual in an octogenarian."

Kathleen O'Donnell Hoover is the author of "Makers of Opera."

Orpheus in California

STRAVINSKY. Edited by Edwin Corle. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 245 pp. $6.

IGOR STRAVINSKY: The Man and His Music. By Alexandre Tansman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 295 pp. $3.75.

By ROLAND GELATT

NO MATTER where we turn these days, we are confronted with facts and opinions organized as haphazardly as a counter of socks in a bargain basement. Synthesis is still an intellectual quality in perilously short supply. One need look no further than the three books about Igor Stravinsky which have been published during the past six months. Two of these, "Stravinsky in the Theatre" [*SRL* June 25] and the present volume edited by Edwin Corle, are—whatever their other qualities—notably deficient in synthesis. Cast in the mold of symposiums, they offer a diversity of opinion about a musician whose most striking characteristic is the diversity of his output. Each is crammed with rewarding perceptions; neither measures up to the challenge of its subject. In the forum presided over by Mr. Corle we can discover how such figures as Erik Satie, Jean Cocteau, Aaron Copland, and Sir Osbert Sitwell view Stravinsky's work; Nicolas Nabokov takes us on a visit to the composer's Hollywood home, and

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Samuel Dushkin describes the gestation of Stravinsky's Violin Concerto. All of this makes for pleasant, often fascinating, browsing, but it does not carry us from A to Z.

For that kind of guided tour we must turn to the excellent study by Alexandre Tansman. Mr. Tansman applies the requisite discipline of synthesis to the diversities and complexities which have flown from Stravinsky's pen. That "Petrouchka," "Pulcinella," and "Danses Concertantes" are seemingly antithetical products of musical composition dismays him not at all. Mr. Tansman sees a "line of evolution as visible as a red thread running through the whole of Stravinsky's works." And in a masterful way he helps those of us who may be a bit color-blind to perceive that thread.

But to take Tansman's tour of the Stravinskyan canon you must grant certain postulates. It must be understood from the outset that, in Stravinsky's own words, music is "incapable of expressing anything whatever, be it a feeling, a psychological state, a natural phenomenon." Instead, we must conceive of music only as the organization of time by human invention. Further, we must concede that to solve a musical problem constitutes the most compelling reason for musical composition. And finally it should be accepted that once this problem has progressed to a Q.E.D. a composer would be well advised never to bother solving it again.

Admittedly, Mr. Tansman asks quite a lot for his services as guide. It can be argued that the foundation on which he builds his critical edifice is *ersatz* and shaky. But I urge anyone interested in modern music to embrace—momentarily, at least—Mr. Tansman's premises.

43-Tone Minstrelsy

GENESIS OF A MUSIC. By Harry Partch. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. 362 *pp.* $10.

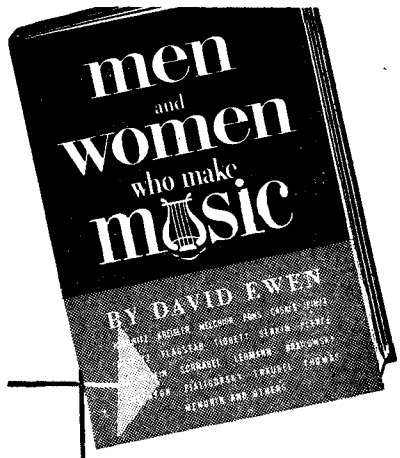
By HENRY COWELL

THIS is a record of incredible zeal in pursuit of a monodic (single-melody line) music, a music whose aim is declared to be a disclosure of "a manner of impressing the intangible beauty of tone into the vital power of the spoken word, without impairing either." Mr. Partch wishes to re-establish the art of minstrelsy, music by a single voice with slight instrumental support. Profoundly impressed by D. H. Lawrence's attacks on modern man's loss of the "deep procreative awareness," the "instinctive, blood awareness" of which we all heard so much in the Twenties, Mr. Partch hopes for a music which is "frankly and extremely corporeal."

His desire to establish "a rigid contract between tone and word" led him to work out what he considers the natural scale (as opposed to the tempered scale we ordinarily use, which he objects to violently). Partch's scale has forty-three tones to the octave, arranged to produce forty-four unequal intervals, (instead of the twelve equal intervals usual in our Western music); it is arrived at by computations based on the simplest ratios of the overtone series. He has built numerous instruments of different types which are capable of playing in this scale: a large kithara (a kind of harp); a viola and a guitar, both with frets; an adapted melodeon, and others. Mr. Partch is right in saying that the ear is capable of far more accuracy and complexity of response than has yet been demanded of it in our culture. However, the music to prove that a scale of forty-three tones to the octave is as valuable as twelve has yet to be written. Mr. Partch is so far the only composer to use this scale, and as his attention has been directed almost exclusively to problems of pitch, rhythmic interest is at a minimum in his compositions and consequently give an oddly formless and wandering impression.

What Mr. Partch seems not to realize is that however accurate an instrument may be persuaded to be, the pitch of the voice is actually always a curve, not a fixed point. It is in the nature of voices to vibrate through several pitches; well-trained ones do it less coarsely than others but they all do it, and no singer is capable of holding a single tone so steadily that it does not waver through more than one of the forty-three intervals of Mr. Partch's scale. Why he persists in believing that his intervals are vocally possible and that he uses them, while at the same time he declares with some vehemence that our ordinary scale is never sung in tune and that it is quite impossible to sing the "arbitrary" and "arithmetical" interval of a quarter tone (which gives us only twenty-four intervals to the octave), is a mystery.

The author's vehemence, a rather special use of familiar terms, and frequent excursions into unexpected byways make really difficult reading.



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OPERA

(*Continued from page 52*)

Tangential to these are some rewarding volumes that deal with the special relation of a composer and a librettist, of which the outstanding is unquestionably the Strauss-Hofmannsthal letters (Knopf). Here one may observe, at close range, the creative give and take that brought into being such a masterpiece as "Der Rosenkavalier," among others. If not presently available, it is certainly a volume which should be reissued. Of lesser scope but equal interest are "Verdi in his Letters" (edited by Franz Werfel and published by L. B. Fischer) and "Puccini Among Friends" (Macmillan). Those who think that a composer of the Strauss, Verdi, Puccini stature was a creative factor only when the libretto had been delivered to him will gather, from these volumes, a new sense of the theatrical acumen that produced a "Tosca" or a "Rosenkavalier," an "Aida" or a "Falstaff."

Peripheral, though related, are Francis Toye's "Rossini" (Knopf) and that grand volume about Offenbach by S. Kracauer, "Orpheus in Paris" (Knopf). In this year of "Khovanschina" at the Metropolitan, one may commend the valuable forty pages of correspondence and comment about it in the "Moussorgsky Reader" (Norton). Would that somebody would do as well for Bizet, Donizetti, and Bellini, even Ponchielli and Massenet—not to mention Thomas, Gounod, and Mascagni.

If the reader, and listener, who would be at home with opera, wants to identify himself further with the varieties of problems his favorite composers have faced, and how they have resolved them, he should proceed to some of the generative literary works themselves. With Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" coming up, he might revert to Abbé Prevost's original (the Modern Library contains it) as a background for the inevitable comparisons with Massenet's "Manon." Much that is implicit, but left unsaid in Bizet's "Carmen," can be found in Prosper Merimée's *romance*; the same, I imagine, is true of Murger's "La Vie Bohême"—from which the Puccini opera is derived—though I have yet to encounter an English version in this country of the original. (One has recently been published in England by Hamish Hamilton.)

The catalogue is long, through many passions ranging. A performance of "Peter Grimes" is a richer experience if one has some recollection of Crabbe's "The Borough," on which the text set by Britten is based. Similarly, "The Marriage of Figaro" or "Barber of Seville," relative to the Beaumarchais predecessors.

To be, then, at home with opera is to know a good many things: John Luther Long, as well as Puccini, for "Madama Butterfly"; the Masonic rituals to which Mozart was alluding in "The Magic Flute"; the various Vanderdecken legends for "Flying Dutchman"; E. T. A. Hoffmann for Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"; even the libretto Donizetti wrote himself for his own inimitable "Don Pasquale." I offer this not as discouragement but as invitation, that those who reckon opera as a mere sequence of arias and prima donnas, of tenors and terrors, may regard it more kindly as a phase of intellectual endeavor sometimes naive and often offensive, but unquenchably vital, provocative, and absorbing. That is the ideal view, perhaps; but if any other is justified, I don't know why.

TWENTY CRITICS SURVEY

(*Continued from page 55*)

among albums. Two Toscaninis ("Italiana in Algeri" Overture and "Lohengrin" Prelude) and a Caruso ("Celeste Aida") among singles, plus Rethberg's "Willow Song" from "Otello" and the Budapest playing of Wolf's "Italian Serenade." Count another vote for "Don Giovanni" from **John K. Sherman**, of the *Minneapolis Star*, plus the previously mentioned first act of "Walküre." He also lists Beecham's re-creation of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, the "Brandenburg Concertos" of Busch, and the First Symphony of Mahler as Mitropoulosed. Two favorites are further endorsed by Sherman: Sayao singing the Villa-Lobos "Bachianas Brasileiras" and Stokowski's "Swan of Tuonela." He chooses further Gieseking's "Scarbo" of Ravel, Lemnitz's version of "Leise, leise," and Charles Panzéra's "L'Invitation au Voyage" (Duparc).

The generous **Philip Miller**, of the New York Public Library's Music Division and *Consumer's Union*, offers two dozen landmarks, of which I have chosen the first five in each category: the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals version of Schubert's B flat Trio, Toscanini doing the "Clock" Symphony of Haydn, Thibaud and Casals playing the Brahms Double Concerto, the old "Messiah" with Beecham conducting, and a Mozart oboe quartet by Leon Goosens and the Lener trio. His singles are all classics: Chaliapin's "Death Scene" from "Boris," Ponselle's "Casta diva," Hess playing "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Schumann singing the "Matthaeuspassion" excerpt previously noted, and Lemnitz in "Leise, leise." A similarly lengthy list comes from **Stewart Matter**, of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, but only albums. Since they are alphabetically arranged, I have sampled them by choosing every fourth one in twenty with the results as follows: Bruno Kittel directing the Beethoven "Missa Solemnis," De Sabata's "Requiem" (Mozart), the Sargent "Elijah," the Mahler "Lied von der Erde," and the Bayreuth "Tannhäuser."

As for the Toscanini-less, Beecham-less **Cecil Smith**, editor of *Musical America*, he nominates Claudio Muzio's "Operatic Recital" (see page 53) as one of the all-time albums, followed by the Viennese "Rosenkavalier," the Haydn Quartet Society enterprise, the Hess version of the Schumann "Carnaval," and Milhaud's "Oreste." In single discs, he inclines to Mary Garden's singing of "Dieu de grace" from Alfano's "Resurrection," Elisabeth Schumann's "Die drei heiligen Könige" (Strauss), Hedwig von Debicka's "Et Incarnatus est" (Polydor original of this Mozart excerpt), Lemnitz and "Leise, leise," Mengelberg and the "Egmont" overture.

Finally, the editor's own choices, noted before scanning this list, and none the better for the lack of prescience thus revealed: the Schnabel issue of Beethoven sonatas; the "Figaro"; the Toscanini Beethoven No. 5; the Heifetz-Feuermann-Rubinstein "Archduke," and the Schiotz "Schöne Mullerin." For single discs: Raphael Arie's "Death of Boris," Supervia's "Una voce poca fa," Gieseking's recent "Le plus que lente," Beecham's "Dance of the Sylphs" (Berlioz), and George Szell's incomparable "Blue Danube Waltz." Using the prerogative of the host for saying the last word, I'll add McCormack's "Il mio tesoro," because, unaccountably, nobody else has.

All this survey proves, I opine, is that Toscanini and Beecham bestraddle the phonographic world of this electrical era as do no other two men; that the Glyndebourne and "Magic Flute" recordings have cast a longer shadow than any other operatic enterprises ever undertaken. Beyond these fundamental facts, there are as many "outstanding" recordings as there are ears to hear them and minds to evaluate them, and of the considerable number of the listed selections known to me personally, there is not one that isn't entitled to the word "great." As a nucleus for a collection, it could scarcely be excelled.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page 62*)

courage children to sing along at designated spots. These are two lovely and simple European folk songs in English translation. The singing of George Raisli and Mardy Bryant is pleasant in quality and their diction is excellent throughout. Highly recommended for children from three to six. Older children and adults will probably want to sing along also.

RONDO FOR BASSOON AND ORCHESTRA. (Young People's Records 1009, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.)

Another in the succession of recordings featuring various orchestral instruments, designed to familiarize the listener with their characteristic sounds. This Rondo, written for bassoon by Carl Maria von Weber, is light, lilting, and attractive, and provides easy listening. Performance of orchestra and soloist are good. Will be interesting and instructive to children from seven on and to many adults.

SKIP TO MY LOU. (Allegro Junior 5, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05.)

The title song and three other funny songs for children from three to six pleasantly sung by Crane Calder in such a way that children can sing with him. "Skip to My Lou" is an excellent accompaniment for the dancing game of the same name.

GOLLIWOG'S CAKEWALK (Debussy) and *ECCOSSAISES* (Chopin). (Young People's Records 2001, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.)

Excellent performance by the pianist Eugene List. Because of their string rhythmic appeal and attractive melodies these dances are favorites of children from seven on.

STRAUSS SELECTIONS. (Columbia 12543-D, one 12", $1.05.)

"Thunder and Lightning" (polka) and "Perpetual Motion" by Johann Strauss, Jr. "Race Track" (galop) by Eduard Strauss, and "The Radetzky March" by Johann Strauss, Sr. in an excellent performance by Erich Leinsdorf and the Cleveland Orchestra. Children from seven on will be thrilled by this music if they can enjoy it in their own fashion. For the younger ones this means marching and dancing to the enticing rhythms.

THE SKATERS, ARKANSAS TRAVELER, and *SEMPER FIDELIS.* (Columbia 71957-D, one 12", $1.05.)

These old favorites appeal mightily to children from seven on. Stirring performance by the Carnegie Pops Orchestra.

THE TOY SYMPHONY (Haydn). (Columbia 7242-M, one 12", $1.05.)

Children adore this delightful symphony and enjoy identifying the toy instruments as they appear. The minuet has particular appeal. Felix Weingartner conducts.

"Chants" on a Postcard

RESPONSE to last month's request in IMPRESSIONS that those who bought the "Chants d'Auvergne" reissue in the number of 12,000 albums might constitute themselves a nucleus for further reissue projects has been gratifying in tone, not nearly sufficient in numbers. The Editor's suggestion that persons who bought the Grey records should merely note on a postcard, with their name and address, "I bought the 'Chants d'Auvergne'" and send it to RECORDINGS, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y., has prompted even more letters than postcards, but merely a beginning of the necessary quantity. Those who missed this request last month are hereby reminded of it, while those who have responded are urged to spread the word among their record-buying friends.

Budget Records

These are the best buys in the less expensive recordings:

Little Golden Records (Simon and Schuster), unbreakable, 26¢.

"Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," #17. "The Taxi That Hurried" and "Hansel and Gretel Dance," #21.

Bobolink Series (Lincoln Records, Inc.), nursery songs, unbreakable, 25¢.

"Alphabet Song" and "Old Mother Hubbard," #351. "Pat A Cake" and "A Trip to New York," #362. "Ride A Cock Horse" and "Over in the Meadow," #361.

Teddy Bear Series (Lincoln Records, Inc.) unbreakable, 35¢.

"Whoopee-Ti-Yi-Yo" and "Lone Prairie," #206. "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Pied Piper," #211. "Old MacDonald" and "Hickory Dickory Dock," #201.

— CHARLES LEONHARD.

Charles Leonhard is an Instructor in Music at Teachers College (Columbia University, New York) and serves as vice-chairman of the Audio-Visual Committee of the Music Education National Conference.

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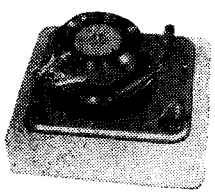

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The Saturday Review's
Monthly Dealer Survey of Top-Selling Records in the Leading Stores of the Country

HITS AND MISSES

THE musical stocking which we hang up this month for the Christmas delight of the reader is a very attenuated garment indeed. And through the gay red fabric it may also be noticed that the gifts themselves are meager. Even so, we have taken the trouble to eliminate far shabbier bits of cardboard and tinsel on our way to the present collection, and, in the spirit of yule, we urge all to the warmest possible appreciation of what lies before us.

For the earnest young lady deeply persuaded of the statesmanlike stature of Henry Wallace there is a rendering of that grand old Russian patrol "Meadowlands" by Tex Beneke's band (RCA Victor 20-2898, 75¢). She will presumably not object to the fact that the song had, as I gather, Czarist origins, for it has also done famous Stalinist service, and there is the further fact that Mr. Beneke's capitalists play it with all the punch and correctitude that might have been expected from a well-doctrinated Leninist ensemble.

For the sentimental uncle who remembers the days when an airplane still looked like a box-kite there is a rousing version—complete with excellent banjo plunking—of "Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine." The artists are Tony Martin and The Pied Pipers, and the work is included in an album of vintage tunes from the movie "Oh You Beautiful Doll" (RCA Victor album P-252, $3.25). We found the other numbers too far over on the ponderous, production side to suit our casual taste, but the Josephine item will do.

For lovers of synthetic Negro songs (the five-star example is "Ol' Man River") there is a treatment of the current smash hit "That Lucky Old Sun" by Frank Sinatra (Columbia 38608, 60¢). We are still true to Sinatra's voice (as apparently are many connoisseurs behind the Iron Curtain) but the song strikes us as pretty innocuous and we predict a quick and permanent demise.

The synthetic is also evident in Burl Ives's "Mr. Froggie Went A-Courtin'" and "The Worried Man Blues" (Columbia 38591, 60¢), in which the singer is accompanied by Tony Mottola on the guitar. Mr. Ives, as everyone must know by now, has an ingratiating voice, Mr. Mottola is a tasty hand at his instrument, and the two selections have a certain folk-musical ring—but it is all a little too bland and professional for the back country. Faced with Burl Ives we keep remembering Leadbelly—which is no way to enjoy Ives.

For the addict who pursues every twist of be-bop there is a work by Elliott Lawrence's orchestra called "Elevation" (Columbia 38497, 60¢), in which this technically adept group reminds us again that boppery is going the way of all recent musical styles—highly talented innovation leads almost overnight to commercial derivatives by the carload. It is an inspiring fact that so long as the innovators are around they usually retain their pow-

—*Gene Lester.*

Johnny Mercer—"a fetching talent in this era of mechanized music."

ers despite the commercialism (*cf.* the jazz pioneer Louis Armstrong or be-bop's pyrotechnical Dizzy Gillespie). But the truly musical has always been durable, because deep-laid.

For admirers of Johnny Mercer, who has the relaxed gift of singing just about everything as if it had just occurred to him—a fetching talent in this era of mechanized music—, there is a disc called "I've Been Floating Down the Old Green River" (Capitol 57-770, 75¢). This is program music having to do with the liquor industry, and, while the melody is a long way from 100 proof, the proceedings are so genial that we could not forbear recommending them for Christmas.

For our own particular pleasure there is the young European-descended jazz pianist Andre Previn playing "Dardanella" and "The Gypsy in My Soul" (RCA Victor 20-3584, 75¢). Previn's approach to the piano is highly ornamental—fanciers of keyboard economy take warning—but there is no question of overloading; his flourishes make great musical sense in a style that is all cosmopolitan swank and scintillation. —WILDER HOBSON.

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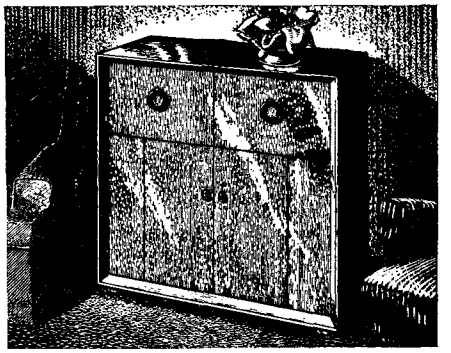
Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Ellington, Duke: "Liberian Suite." Columbia LP CL 6073, $2.85.	Another in the sequence of concert pieces by Ellington—à la "Black, Brown, and Beige"—though somewhat more consistently interesting than that, for its use of Afro-derived rhythms. Those who recall how Ellington's "jungle" style sounded in the old days will have a good impression of the best parts of this (such as "Dance No. 4"). Spotty, but who else could have written it? Excellent reproduction. For a contemporary treatment of an authentic Ellington classic, consult Columbia 38606, in which Kay Davis is the fine vocalist in "Creole Love Call."
Garland, Judy: "Look for the Silver Lining." MGM 30212, 75¢.	From the first word of the verse to the last word of the second chorus, Miss Garland's voice magnetizes the ear, in an uncommon exercise in the art of popular-tune singing. Since the Kern melody is one of the most uncommon by him, this is a really fine record. Let's hope Miss Garland has many more like it in her system. Lennie Hayton is the able conductor.
Kirk, Lisa: "Shame on You." RCA Victor 20-3591, 75¢; 47-3090, 65¢.	Lisa ("Always True to You in My Fashion") Kirk brings something of the same bantering, broadly accented style to this extract from the collected works of Spade Cooley. Miss Kirk emerges here as what might be called a Murray Hill-billy, assuming that Dorothy Shay doesn't object. It's good, if somewhat repetitious, fun. Overside Miss Kirk works hard to revive "Charley My Boy," which was at the expiration point when created in the Twenties.
Kirsten, Dorothy: "You Go to My Head." RCA Victor 10-1499, $1; 49-0721, 95¢.	If this trend continues, you may read of Dinah Shore petitioning the Metropolitan for a chance at "Madama Butterfly": for Miss Kirsten is definitely in somebody else's backyard. This side is insinuatingly sung, with a vocal quality strangely suggestive of Lena Horne's—accomplished by Miss Kirsten forgetting everything she had learned about voice production. The overside "More Than You Know" is a good deal duller. Red Seal Label, and prices, for this, incidentally . . . probably to meet the wage of John Scott Trotter, who conducts.
Lawrence, Elliott: "Your Life Is My Life." Columbia 38629, 60¢.	If you like Rachmaninoff, you'll like this Slavicly brooding tune from "Adamant Eve," a recent product of the "Mask and Wig" club of Penn University. Its composer, Clay Boland, has more than a few hits to his credit, but I doubt there is wide enough enthusiasm for Rachmaninoff to add this to the number. Lawrence makes rich use of its possibilities, also the livelier "Got You Right Where I Want You," on the overside.
Lee, Peggy: "Song at Midnight." Capitol 57-90035, 75¢.	Since Peggy Lee generally sounds as though she was just about to drop off to sleep, the provocation of Alec Wilder's "Song at Midnight" makes her even more slumberous than usual. It's a winning enough tune, but the New Year's Eve party-line of the lyric is no contribution to the general merriment. The overside is Willard Robison's "The Christmas Spell," also of the commercial-holiday sentiment.
Martin, Tony, and Fran Warren: "Speak a Word of Love." RCA Victor 20-3573, 75¢; 47-3069, 65¢.	Both this and the coupled version of "Remember" are so genteel that the listener almost feels he is intruding on a private conversation. Maybe this is a new trend in popular song styles: if so, I can only say I don't like it.
Pinza, Ezio: "Bali Ha'i." Columbia 3-397, 90¢.	This is not a misprint, just a misconception on Pinza's part of how this kind of song should sound. Since he has probably heard it a hundred times as it should be sung, there's nothing that can be done about it. At least, it's not a duet with Dorothy Kirsten. "Give Me Your Hand," on the other side, has nothing to do with "La ci darem la mano," which Pinza used to sing in "Don Giovanni."
Pied Pipers: "Just a Kiss Apart." RCA Victor 20-3592, 75¢; 47-3091, 65¢.	One of the best of group-singing units, who embellished many a Tommy Dorsey record, here working for their own profit and the listener's pleasure. Leo Robin's neat verse and the lushly romantic Julie Styne tune (from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") makes for a diverting three minutes. They do a fine job on "S'Wonderful" up to the point at which some brave hack attempts to improve on Ira Gershwin's lyric. It can't be done—as if it were necessary in any case.



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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

McCormack Recollections

SIR: Bouquets to the author of "Lily McCormack Recalls" and also to Robert Molloy for his excellent article on McCormack [RECORDINGS, November]. Incidentally Mr. Molloy wishes that the artist had recorded Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour" among other songs. Well, he did: on HMV DA1829. Unfortunately, that record was made comparatively recently and is not up to McCormack's usual standard.

One of the best McCormack records still in the RCA Victor catalogue and not included in Mr. Molloy's article is "Christ Went up Into the Hills" (RCA Victor 6708). My McCormack collection, excluding records in the "Sonny Boy" class, numbers about 255 discs; and with the exception of a dozen or so selections, contains all his better recordings. I certainly concur in wishing for reissues of many of McCormack's magnificent records.

KARL BAMBACH.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: In the article "Lily McCormack Recalls" mention is made that James Joyce finished second in the bass singing competition in the Dublin Fest of 1903. Your attention is directed to Herbert Gorman's biography of James Joyce, in which he mentions Joyce's "high, clear tenor voice and his competition in the Feis Ceoil in 1904." . . . . The story is also told that Joyce was awarded only second place . . . . because he refused the third portion of the competition in which he was required to sing at sight from a piece of music unknown to him.

MAURICE J. BARRY, JR.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We direct this note to the attention of the Bruce Publishing Co., for whom Mrs. McCormack wrote "I Hear You Calling Me."*

When, Indeed?

SIR: Complete operas on LP are a marvelous idea, but may I register a complaint concerning the absence of any complete Mozart recordings from the list? When are we going to have not only "Figaro," but "Don Giovanni, "Così fan Tutte," and "The Magic Flute" available on LP? In the case of the latter, available domestically at all?

MILDRED JOHNSON.

Miami, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Johnson poses what, in recording circles, is currently known as the $33 33 question. However, we note with surprise that she reports "The Magic Flute" as unavailable. In view of the evidence on page 54, that seems ironic at least.*

Concerning "Carnaval"

SIR: For some time now I have read the . . . requests for a reissue of Rachmaninoff's "Carnaval." Put me down also. I have the original, in perfect condition, of RCA Victor album 70 . . . and I would gladly buy ten more recordings of it to give to my friends. So put my name down (and ten prospective others) for the reissue of Rachmaninoff's; or a Solomon would do.

CHARLES M. ANTIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Why is such a fuss being made over the Rachmaninoff recording of the "Carnaval"? Besides the fact that there already is the fine Myra Hess issue available, I feel the need of the hour is to release the even more important "Fantasia" in C, Op. 17.

ALBERT BOWMAN.

Utica, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Whether the "Fantasia" or the "Carnaval" is more "important," is a dubious point; as is also the proposition that a Hess issue can supersede, or make superfluous, the Rachmaninoff reissue. Considering the choice offered to the buyer in Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Beethoven symphonies, three or four versions of the "Carnaval" would not be too many. In any event, as far as Schumann's Opus 17 is concerned, two new recordings are on the way. Edwin Fischer has waxed this work in England (see page 61) and Columbia promises a new one by Rudolf Firkusny on LP.*

Prokofiev's "Chout"

SIR: Is there the barest possibility that Serge Koussevitzky has or can make a recording of the Suite from the "Chout" score of Prokofiev? I am what you might call a disciple of Prokofiev's music, and having heard Koussevitzky play this work over the radio it has stimulated my anxiety to secure a recording of this highly interesting and delightful music.

W. PATRICK MCGILL.

Arlington, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We know of no existing Koussevitzky recording of the "Chout" music, or of any in preparation. Whether Koussevitzky "can" make a recording in the future is an open matter. He has the Tanglewood Festival, of course, in which to accomplish this task; and it might be his pleasure to do so.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Masonic Funeral Music (C)	Orpheus (RCA)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Frühlingsstimmen (CT)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
BOSTON (*Mosher Music Co.*)	Mule Train (D)	Contino (Mag)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	Kostelanetz Waltzes (C)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Slipping Around (Cap)	Jolson Sings Again (D-LP)	Liebestraum (RCA)	Turandot (CS-LP)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Oklahoma! (D-LP)	Jalousie (RCA)	Beethoven Ninth (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Music for Memories (Cap)	Valse Triste (RCA)	Beethoven Eroica (CT-LP)
DENVER (*Knight Campbell*)	Slipping Around (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Gaité Parisienne (C-LP)
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	You're My Thrill (C)	Di quella pira—Gigli (RCA)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Canadian Capers (C)	South Pacific (C)	Bohême—Lanza (RCA)	Beethoven Eroica (CT-LP)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Preludes (RCA)
KANSAS CITY (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Jolson Sings Again (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
MEMPHIS (*Words & Music*)	Don't Cry, Joe (D)	South Pacific (C)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Madama Butterfly (C-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's Inc.*)	Mule Train (M)	Contino (Mag)	Jalousie (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
NASHVILLE (*MU Sound System*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	Edith Piaf (C)	Bohême—Lanza (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Mule Train (M)	South Pacific (C)	Manon Lescaut—Bjoerling (RCA)	Rachmaninoff Concerto #2 (C-LP)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Danse Macabre (L)	Mozart Concerto #21 (C-LP)
(*Rabson's*)	Mule Train (M)	Crosby Christmas (D)	Dowland-Schiotz (RCA)	Madama Butterfly (C-LP)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Ravel Pavane (RCA)	Madama Butterfly (C-LP)
(*The Record Shop*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Scheherezade (C-LP)
(*H. Royer Smith*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Jolson Sings Again (D-LP)	Freischütz-Lemnitz (DG)	Beethoven Eroica (C-LP)
PORTLAND, ME. (*Porteous Mitchell*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	Jolson Sings Again (D)	Sleigh Ride (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*Sherman, Clay & Co.*)	Slipping Around (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	That Midnight Kiss (RCA)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	I Can Dream, Can't I (D)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Pirates of Penzance (L-LP)

Compiled as of November 14, 1949.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol CS—Cetra-Soria CT—Capitol-Telefunken D—Decca DG—Deutsche Grammophon L—London M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: Frankie Lane's "That Lucky Old Sun" is still the favorite among popular singles, with the Andrews Sisters' "I Can Dream, Can't I?" a rather distant second. As for popular albums—but why go into that old story? In the classical single category preference is divided among several RCA discs, "Clair de Lune" getting the most votes. Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony clearly leads in the final column with entries for both the Mengelberg and Walter LP's.

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